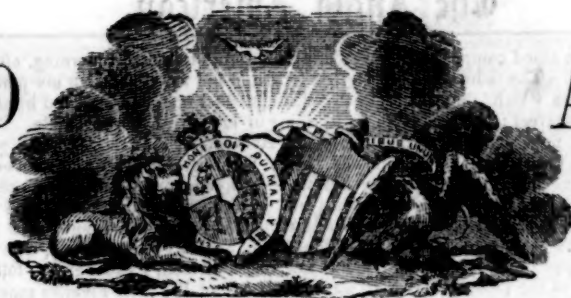


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MY OLD STRAW HAT.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Farewell, old friend, we part at last,
Fruits, flowers, and summer, all are past,
And when the beach-leaves bid adieu,
My old straw hat must vanish too.
We've been together many an hour,
In grassy dell and garden bower,
And plait and ribbon, scorched and torn,
Proclaim how well thou hast been worn.
We've had a time, gay, bright, and long,
So let me sing a grateful song,
And if one bay-leaf falls to me,
I'll stick it firm and fast in thee.

My old straw hat.

Thy flapping shade and flying strings,
Are worth a thousand close-tied things.
I love thy easy fitting crown,
Thrust lightly back or slouching down;
I cannot brook a muffled ear,
When lark and blackbird whistle near;
And dearly like to meet and seek
The fresh wind with unguarded cheek.
Toss'd in a tree thou'lt bear no harm,
Flung on the sod thou'lt lose no charm;
Like many a real friend on earth,
Rough usage only proves thy worth.

My old straw hat.

The world will gaze on those who wear
Rich snowy pearls in raven hair,
And diamonds flash bravely out,
In chesnut tresses wreathed about;
The golden bands may twine and swirl,
Like shining snakes through each fair curl,
And soft down with imperial grace,
May bend o'er Beauty's blushing face;
But much I doubt if brows that bear
The jewell'd clasp and plumage rare,
Or temples bound with crescent wreath,
Are half so cool as mine beneath

My old straw hat.

Minerva's helmet! what of that!
Thou'rt quite as good, my old straw hat;
For I can think and muse and dream,
With poring brain and busy scheme.
I can inform my craving soul,
How wild bees work and planets roll,
And be all silent, grave and grim,
Beneath the shelter of thy brim.
The cap of Liberty! forsooth!
Thou art that thing to me in truth,
For slavish fashion ne'er can break
Into the green paths where I take

My old straw hat.

My old straw hat, my conscience tells
Thou hast been hung with Folly's bells,
Yet Folly rings a pleasant chime,
If the rogue will but "mind his time,"
And not come jingling on the way
When sober minstrels ought to play.
For oft when hearts and eyes are light,
Old Wisdom *should* keep out of sight.
But now the rustic bench is left,
The tree of every leaf bereft,
And merry voices, all are still,
That welcomed to the well-known hill

My old straw hat.

Farewell, old friend, thy work is done,
The misty clouds shut out the sun;
The grapes are pluck'd, the hops are off,
The woods are stark, and I must doff
My old straw hat—but "bide a wee,"
Fair skies we've seen, but we may see
Skies full as fair as those of yore,
And then we'll wander forth once more.
Farewell, till drooping harelle's blow,
And violets stud the warm hedge-row—
Farewell, till daisies deck the plain,
Farewell, till spring days come again—

My old straw hat.

THE PRACTICAL JOKE.

BY H. E. ADDISON.

Poor Aylmer, whose premature old age, and grave manner, have evidently been brought on by deep sorrow, was once the merriest fellow in the Bengal army. Alive to every species of fun, ready to join in every amusement, he was

the acknowledged leader of all the high spirits of the Presidency. A practical joke, however, was the cause of his present woe-begone appearance; the consequences of a moment's hilarity have embittered for ever his future years. I will relate the circumstances in a few words.

A grand dinner had been given by the mess to Colonel Green on his departure for England, and, as is usual on such occasions, we had drunk deeply. Hodgson's pale ale, and Carbonelle's claret had done their best to upset us, but not a man had yielded to their powers. Midnight had struck; its chimes had been unheeded. Our honoured guest had departed, yet no one thought of moving. We sat, in the spirit of true good-fellowship, talking over the merits of our late commander. There are some men, however, who get naturally cross as they imbibe too much wine. Others, though wound up to the highest pitch of good-nature, will become so sensitive as to imagine the slightest contradiction to be a grave offence, an attack upon their honour.

On the night in question, Tom Townley, my best, my most valued friend, got into a foolish argument with James Sewell about the spelling of the word "wagon" or "waggon." The dispute was so laughable, that, instead of sending for a dictionary, and deciding the question, on which the parties had made heavy bets, we foolishly fomented the drunken quarrel, to enjoy the fun, imagining that in the morning both gentlemen would have forgotten their dispute. We must have been worse, however, than madmen thus to suffer two brother-officers, heated by wine, to proceed in their argument. The consequences were obvious. In a moment of irritation, wholly unconscious of what he was doing, Townley struck Sewell, who, starting up, demanded instant satisfaction for the insult he had received. We now too late perceived our error, and the more sensible portion of the company proposed instantly to break up, and endeavour in the morning to arrange matters. It is true, a blow is an insult not to be got over; such an offence demands blood as an expiation. But there are cases, and we hoped the present one was of the number, where the unconsciousness of the parties might justify the affair being made up, and the old hands therefore advised a forcible abduction of the belligerents, who still, however, kept calling out for pistols.

To this moment I cannot account for my feelings on this occasion. I could not help desiring to push the fun, as I called it, still further, and therefore not only sided with Sewell, when he declared he *ought* to have instant satisfaction, but actually went off and brought the weapons they desired. The sight of these made them still more clamorous for an immediate encounter. Fools were, alas! found to back up my opinion, and in a very few minutes the majority of our officers having withdrawn in disgust, our two friends were placed opposite each other in the long gallery, which was from one end to the other of the right wing of the barracks of Fort William. Twelve paces only divided them, and the mock seconds stood ready. The parties were about to fire, when, with the proverbial cunning of drunkenness, one of them found out that there was no ball in his pistol. We now began to see that our joke was rather a serious one, and endeavoured to separate the duellists. But, alas! it was too late. "They were there to fight," they said, "and fight they would." Finding them thus obstinate, I slipped back into the mess-room, and, taking up some new bread, soon rolled up some pellets the size of pistol balls, which blackening, I hastened back with, and, winking to my companions, proceeded to put them into the pistols. Highly delighted at my stratagem, proud of my ingenuity, I stepped back, and, laughing inwardly at the trick I had played them, gave the word "Fire." Townley fell. I, of course, supposed he had done so from mere agitation, and, with a grin on my countenance, ran up to raise him. Imagine my horror (my blood runs cold even now while I relate) when I beheld the life-stream pouring forth in a warm current from his side. Sewell, sobored by the misfortune of his friend, also rushed forward. Every eye was fixed on me, as if I had been the murderer; and indeed I really felt that I was.

"I thought you told me they were *sham* balls!" reproachfully demanded Somerset. "You said they were mere bread pellets."

"Good God, sir! what have you done?" demanded another.

My conscience accused me louder than all. That poor Townley was wounded severely was now but too evident.

"Run for the surgeon," cried I, half distracted, "and I'll endeavour to staunch the wound till he comes."

In another moment every one was off, and I was left alone with my victim; for to this instant I look upon myself, though unintentionally, yet actually as his assassin. I attempted to plug the wound; it bled faster and faster. I held my hand to it; the deluging blood was too strong to be thus stopped. Poor Townley had not spoken, but his cheek had assumed a livid hue, and his head, as it lay on my shoulder, became a heavy weight. I called loudly for help, but no one came; I screamed, but no one heard me. For an instant the sufferer opened his eyes, and looked up. "God bless you, Aylmer," lowly muttered he. Then closing his eyes, he seemed to sink into a tranquil sleep. Presently I saw lights approaching; a crowd came running forward, in advance of whom rushed the doctor. He took him from my arms, and uttered, to my recollection, but a single sentence. "It is all over. Sewell, you had better be off instantly."

I heard no more. For six months, I am told, I was confined to my bed with a brain fever. At the end of that time, incapable of the fatigue of serving, I returned to Europe. Here I wander, a living beacon to deter others from indulging in the senseless license of a practical joke.

MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIR'S OF A STATESMAN.

PART XIV.

Europe had never seen so complete or so powerful an army as that which was now assembled within sight of Valenciennes. The city was already regarded as in our possession; and crowds of military strangers, from every part

of the Continent, came day by day pouring into the allied camp. Nothing could equal the admiration excited by the British troops. The admirable strength, stature, and discipline of the men, and the successes which they had already obtained, made them the first object of universal interest; and the parades of our regiments formed a daily levee of princes and nobles. It was impossible that soldiery could be on a more stately scale. Other times have followed, which have shown the still statelier sight of nations marching to battle; but the hundred thousand men who marched under Cobourg to take up their positions in the lines of Valenciennes, filled the eye of Europe; and never was there a more brilliant spectacle. At length orders were sent to prepare for action, and the staff of the army were busily employed in examining the ground. The Guards were ordered to cover the operations of the pioneers; and all was soon in readiness for the night on which the first trench was to be opened. A siege is always the most difficult labour of an army, and there is none which more perplexes a general. To the troops, it is incessant toil—to the general, continual anxiety. The men always have the sense of that disgust which grows upon the soldier where he contemplates a six weeks' delay in the sight of stone walls; and the commander, alive to every sound of hazard, feels that he yet must stand still, and wait for the attack of every force which can be gathered round the horizon. He may be the lion, but he is the lion in a chain—formidable, perhaps, to those who may venture within its length, but wholly helpless against all beyond. Yet those feelings, inevitable as they are, were but slightly felt in our encampment round the frowning ramparts of the city. We had already swept all before us; we had learned the language of victory; we were in the midst of a country abounding with all the good things of life, and which, though far from exhibiting the luxuriant beauty of the British plains, was yet rich and various enough to please the eye. Our camp was one vast scene of gaiety. War had, if ever, laid aside its darker draperies, and "grim-visaged" as it is, had smoothed its "wrinkled front." The presence of so many visitors of the highest rank gave every thing the air of royalty. High manners, splendid entertainments, and all the habits and indulgences of the life of courts had fled from France only to be revived in Flanders. Our army was a court on the march; and the commander of the British—the honest, kind-hearted, and brave Duke of York—bore his rank like a prince, and gathered involuntarily round him as showy as ever figured in St James's, or even as the glittering saloons of the Tuileries. Hunting parties, balls, suppers, and amateur theatrical performances, not merely varied the time, but made it fly. Hope had its share too, as well as possession. Paris was before us; and on the road to the capital lay but the one fortress which was about to be destroyed with our fire, and of which our engineers talked with contempt as the decayed work of "old" Vauban.

But the course of victory is like the course of love, which, the poet says, "never does run smooth." The successes of the Allies had been too rapid for their cabinets; and we had found ourselves on the frontiers of France before the guardian genii of Europe, in the shape of the stiff-skirted and full-wigged privy councillors of Vienna and Berlin, had made up their minds as to our disposal of the prize. Startling words suddenly began to make their appearance in the despatches, and "indemnity for the past and security for the future"—those luckless phrases which were yet destined to form so large a portion of senatorial eloquence, and give birth to so prolific an offspring of European ridicule—figured in diplomacy for the first time: while pioneers stood, pickaxe in hand, waiting the order to break ground. We thus lost day after day. Couriers were busy, while soldiers were yawning themselves to death; and the only war carried on was in the discontents of the military councils. Who was to have Valenciennes? whose flag was to be hoisted on Lille? what army was to garrison Conde? became national questions. Who was to cut the favourite slices of France, employed all the gossips of the camp, in imitation of the grayer gossips of the cabinet; and, in the mean time, we were saved the trouble of the division, by a furious decree from the Convention ordering every man in France to take up arms—converting all the churches into arsenals, anathematizing the German princes as so many brute beasts, and recommending to their German subjects the grand republican remedy of the guillotine for all the disorders of the government, past, present, and to come.

Circumstances seldom give an infantry officer more than a view of the movements in front of his regiment; but my intimacy with Guiscard allowed me better opportunities. Among his variety of attainments he was a first-rate engineer, and he was thus constantly employed where any thing connected with the higher departments of the staff required his science. He was now attached to the Prussian mission, which moved with the headquarters of the British force, and our intercourse was continued. I thus joined the reconnoitring parties under his command, and received the most important lessons in my new art. But one of my first questions to him, had been the mode of his escape on the night of our volunteer reconnoissance.

"Escape? Why, I committed the very blunder against which I had cautioned you, and fell into the hands of the first hussar patrol. I could possibly have met. But my story is of the briefest kind. I had not rode forward above an hour, when my horse stumbled over something in that most barbaric of highways, and lamed himself. I then ought to have returned; but curiosity urged me on, and leading my unfortunate charger by the bridle, I threaded my way through the most intricate mesh of hedge and ditch within my travelling experience. The trampling of horses, and the murmur of men in march, at last caught my ear; and I began to be convinced that the movement which I expected from Dampier's activity was taking place. I then somewhat questioned my own *insouciance* in having thrust you into hazard; and attempted to make my way across the country in your direction. To accomplish this object I turned my horse loose, taking it for granted that, lame as he was, he was too good a Prussian to go any where but to his own camp. This accounts for his being found at morn. I had, however, scarcely thus taken the chance of losing a charger which had cost me a hundred and fifty gold ducats, when I received a shot from behind a thicket which disabled my left arm, and I was instantly surrounded by a dozen French hussars. I was foolish enough to be angry, and angry enough to fight. But as I was neither Samson, nor they Philistines, my sabre was soon beaten down, and I had only to surrender. I was next mounted on the croup of one of their horses, and after a gallop of half an hour reached the French advanced guard. It was already hurrying on, and I must confess that, from the silence of the march and the rapid pace of their battalions, I began to be nervous about the consequences, and dreaded the effects of a surprise on some of our camps. My first apprehension, however, was for you. I thought that you must have been entangled in the route of some of the advancing battalions, and I enquired of the colonel of the first to whom I was brought, whether he had taken any prisoners.

"Plenty," was the answer of the rough Republican—chiefly peasants and spies; but we have shot none of them yet. That would make too much noise; so we have sent them to the rear, where I shall send you. You will not be shot

till we return to-morrow morning, after having cut up those *chiens Anglais*."

I could not avoid showing my perturbation at the extreme peril in which this distinguished man had involved himself on my account; and expressed something of my regret and gratitude.

"Remember, Marston," was his good-humoured reply, "that, in the first place, the Frenchman was not under circumstances to put his promise in practice—he having found the English *chien* more than a match for the French wolf; and, in the next, that twelve hours form a very important respite in the life of the campaigner. I was sent to the rear with a couple of hussars to watch me until the arrival of the general, who was coming up with the main body. On foot and disarmed, I had only to follow them to the next house, which was luckily one of the little Flemish inns. My hussars found a jar of brandy, and got drunk in a moment; one dropped on the floor—the other fell asleep on his horse. I had now a chance of escape; but I was weary, wounded, and overcome with vexation. It happened, as I took my last view of my keeper outside, nodding on his horse's neck, that I glanced on a huge haystack in the stable yard. The thought struck me, that helpless as I was, I might contrive to give an alarm to some of the British videttes or patroles, if your gallant countrymen should condescend to employ such things. I stole down into the road, lantern in hand; thrust it into the stack, and had the satisfaction of seeing it burst into a blaze. I made my next step into the stable, to find a horse for my escape; but the French patroles had been before me, and those clever fellows seldom leave any thing to be gleaned after them. What became of my escort I did not return to inquire; but I heard a prodigious galloping through the village, and found the advantage of the flame in guiding me through as perplexing a maze of thicket and morass as I ever attempted at midnight. The sound of the engagement which followed directed me to the camp; and I remain, a living example to my friend, of the advantage of twelve hours between sentence and execution."

I had another wonder for him; and nothing could exceed his gratification when he heard, that his act had enabled me to give the alarm of the French advance. But for that blaze I should certainly have never been aware of their movement: the light alone had led me into the track of the enemy, and given me time to make the intelligence useful.

"The worst of all this," said he, with his grave smile, "is, that the officer in command of your camp on that night will get a red riband and a regiment; and that you will get only the advantage of recollecting, that in war, and perhaps in every situation of life, nothing is to be despaired of, and nothing is to be left untried. A candle in a lantern, properly used, probably saved both our lives, the lives of some thousands of our troops, the fate of the campaign, and with it, half the thrones of Europe, trembling on the chance of a first campaign. I shall yet have some of my mystical countrymen writing an epic on my Flemish lantern."

During this little narrative, we had been riding over the bleak downs which render the environs of Valenciennes such a barren contrast to the general luxuriance of northern France; and were examining the approaches to the city, when Guiscard called to his attendant for his telescope. We were now in the great coal-field of France; but the miners had fled, and left the plain doubly desolate. "Can those," said he, "be the miners returning to their homes? for if not, I am afraid that we shall have speedy evidence of the hazards of inactivity." But the twilight was now deepening, and neither of us could discern anything beyond an immense mass of men, in gray cloaks, hurrying towards the city. I proposed that we should ride forward, and ascertain the facts. He checked my rein. "No! Amadis de Gaul, or Rolando, or by whatever name more heroic your chivalry prefers being called, we must volunteer no further. My valet shall return to the camp and bring us any intelligence which is to be found there, while we proceed on our survey of the ground for our batteries."

We had gone but a few hundred yards, and I was busily employed in sketching the profile of the citadel, when we heard the advance of a large party of British cavalry, with several of the staff, and the Duke of York, then a remarkably handsome young man, at their head. I had seen the Duke frequently on our parades in England; but even the brief campaign had bronzed his cheek, and given him the air which it requires a foreign campaign to give. He communicated the sufficiently interesting intelligence, that since the victory over Dampier, the enemy had collected a strong force from their garrisons, and after throwing ten thousand men into Valenciennes, had formed an intrenched camp, which was hourly receiving reinforcements. "But we must put a stop to that," said the Duke, with a smile; "and, to save them trouble and ourselves time, we shall attack them to-morrow." He then addressed himself to Guiscard, with the attention due to his name and rank, and conversed for a few minutes on the point of attack for the next day—examined my sketch—said some flattering words on its correctness, and galloped off.

"Well," said Guiscard, as he followed with his glance the flying troop, "war is a showy spectacle, and I can scarcely wonder that it should be the game of princes; but a little more common sense in our camps would have saved us to-morrow's battle. The delays of diplomacy are like the delays of law—the estate perishes before the process is at an end. But now to our work." We rode to the various points from which a view of the newly arrived multitude could be obtained. Their fires began to blaze; and we were thus enabled to ascertain at once their position, and, in some degree, their numbers. There could not be less than thirty thousand men, the arrival of the last few hours. "For this *contretemps*," said Guiscard, as he examined their bivouac with his telescope, "we have to thank only ourselves. Valenciennes ought to have been stormed within the first five minutes after we could have cut down those poplars for scaling ladders," and he pointed to the tapering tops of the plantations lining the banks of the Scheldt; "but we have been quarrelling over our portfolios, while the French have been gathering every rambling soldier within a hundred miles; and now we shall have a desperate struggle to take possession of those lines, and probably a long siege as a finale to the operation. There, take my glass, and judge for yourselves." I looked, and if the novelty and singularity could have made me forget the serious business of the scene, I might have been amply amused. The whole French force were employed in preparing for the bivouac, and fortifying the ground, which they had evidently taken up with the intent of covering the city. All was in motion. At the distance from which we surveyed it, the whole position seemed one huge anti-hill. Torches, thickets burning, and the fires of the bivouac, threw an uncertain and gloomy glare over portions of the view, which, leaving the rest in utter darkness, gave an ominous and ghostly look to the entire. I remarked this impression to Guiscard, and observed that it was strange to see a "scene of the most stirring life so sepulchral."

"Why not?" was his reply. "The business is probably much the same."

"Yet sepulchral," I observed, "is not exactly the word which I would have used. There is too much motion, too much hurried and eager restlessness, too

much of the wild and fierce activity of beings who have not a moment to lose, and who are busied in preparations for destruction."

"Have you ever been in the Sistine Chapel?" asked my companion.

"No; Italy has been hitherto beyond my flight; but the longing to see it haunts me."

"Well, then, when your good fortune leads you to Rome, let your first look be given to the noblest work of the pencil, and of Michael Angelo: glance at the bottom of his immortal picture, and you will see precisely the same wild activity, and the same strange and startling animation. The difference only is, that the actors here are men—there, fiends; here the scene is the field of future battle—there, the region of final torment. I am not sure that the difference is great, after all."

At daybreak, the British line was under arms. I feel all words fail, under the effort to convey the truth of that most magnificent display; not that a simple detail may not be adequate to describe the movements of a gallant army; but what can give the impression of the time, the form and pressure of collisions on which depended the broadest and deepest interests of the earth. Our war was then, what no war was since the old invasions under the Edwards and Henrys—national; it was as romantic as the crusades. England was fighting for none of the objects which, during the last three hundred years, had sent armies into the field—not for territory, not for glory, not for European supremacy, not even for self-defence. She was fighting for a Cause; but that was the cause of society, of human freedom, of European advance, of every faculty, feeling, and possession by which man is sustained in his rank above the beasts that perish. The very language of the great dramatist came to my recollection, at the moment when I heard the first signal-gun for our being put in motion.

"Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies.
Now thrive the armourers; and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings
With winged heels, as English Mercuries."

Our troops, too, had all the ardour which is added even to the boldest by the assurance of victory. They had never come into contact with the enemy but to defeat them; and the conviction of their invincibility was so powerful, that it required the utmost efforts of their officers to prevent their rushing into profitless peril. The past and the present were triumphant; while, to many a mind of the higher cast, the future was, perhaps, more glittering than either. In the same imperishable eloquence of poetry—

"For now sits expectation in the air,
And hides a sword, from hilt unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promised to Harry and his followers."

The ambition of the English soldier may be of a more modified order than that of the foreigner; but the dream of poetry was soon realized in the crush of the Republicans, who had trampled alike the crown and the coronet in the blood of their owners. Twenty-seven thousand men were appointed for the attack of the French lines; and on the first tap of the drum, a general shout of exultation was given from all the columns. The cavalry galloped through the intervals to the front, and parks of the light guns were sent forward to take up positions on the few eminences which commanded the plain; but the day had scarcely broke, when one of those dense fogs, the customary evil of the country, fell suddenly upon the whole horizon, and rendered action almost impossible. Nothing could exceed the vexation of the army at this impediment; and if our soldiers had ever heard of Homer, there would have been many a repetition of his warrior's prayer, that "live or die, it might be in the light of day."

But in the interval, important changes were made in the formation of the columns. The French lines had been found of unexpected strength, and the Guards were pushed forward to head a grand division placed under command of General Ferrari. The British were, of course, under the immediate orders of an officer of their own, and a more gallant one never led troops under fire. I now, for the first time, saw the general who was afterwards destined to sweep the French out of Egypt, and inflict the first real blow on the military supremacy of France under Napoleon. General Abercromby was then in the full vigour of life; a strongly formed, manly figure, a quiet but keen eye, and a countenance of remarkable steadiness and thought, all gave the indications of a mind firm in all the contingencies of war. Exactly at noon, the fog drew up as suddenly as it had descended, and we had a full view of the enemy's army. No foreign force ever exhibits so showy and soldierly an appearance as the British. The blue of the French and Prussians looks black, and the white of the Austrians looks faded and feeble, compared with the scarlet. As I cast my glance along our lines, they looked like trails of flame. The French were drawn up in columns in front of their camp, which, by the most extraordinary exertion, they had covered during the night with numerous batteries, and fortified with a circle of powerful redoubts; the guns of the fortress defended their flank and rear, and their position was evidently of the most formidable kind. But all view was lost, from the moment when the head of our brigade advanced. Every gun that could be brought to bear upon us opened at once, and all was enveloped in smoke. For a full hour we could see nothing but the effect of the grape-shot on our own ranks as we poured on, and hear nothing but the roar of the batteries. But at length shouts began to arise in distant parts of the field, and we felt that the division which had been appointed to assault the rear of the camp was making progress. Walmoden, commanding a brigade under Ferrari, now galloped up, to ascertain whether our men were ready to assault the intrenchments. "The British troops are always ready," was Abercromby's expressive, and somewhat indignant, answer. In the instant of our rushing forward, an aide-de-camp rode up, to acquaint the general that the column under the Duke of York had already stormed three redoubts. "Gentlemen," said Abercromby, turning to the Colonels round him, "we must try to save our friends further trouble—forward!" Within a quarter of an hour we were within the enemy's lines, every battery was stormed or turned, and the French were in confusion. Some hurried towards the fortress, which now began to fire; a large body fled into the open country, and fell into the hands of his royal highness; and some, seizing the boats on the river, dropped down with the stream. All was victory: yet this was to be my day of ill luck. In pursuing the enemy towards the fortress, a battalion, which had attempted to cover the retreat, broke at the moment when my company were on the point of charging them. This was too tempting a chance to be resisted; we rushed on, taking prisoners at every step, until we actually came within sight of the gate by which the fugitives were making their escape into the town. But we were in

a trap, and soon felt that we were discovered, by a heavy discharge of musketry from the rampart. We had now only to return on our steps, and I had just given the word, when the firing was renewed from a bastion, round which we were hurrying in the twilight. I felt a sudden shock, like that of electricity, which struck me down; I made a struggle to rise on my feet, but my strength wholly failed me, and I lost all recollection.

On my restoration to my senses, in a few hours after, I found that I had been carried into the town, and placed in the military hospital. My first impulse was, to examine whether any of my brave fellows had shared my misfortune; but all round me were French, wounded in the engagement of the day. My next congratulation was, that I had no limb broken. The shot had struck me in the temple, and glanced off without entering; but I had lost much blood, had been trampled, and felt a degree of exhaustion, which gave me the nearest conception to actual death.

Of the transactions of the field I knew nothing beyond my own share of the day; but I had seen the enemy in full flight, and that was sufficient. Within a day or two, the roaring of cannon, the increased bustle of the attendants, and the tidings that a black flag had been erected on the hospital, told me that the siege had begun. I shall pass over its horrors. Yet, what is all war but a succession of horrors? The sights which I saw, the sounds which I heard from hour to hour, were enough to sicken me of human nature. In the gloom and pain of my sleepless nights, I literally began to think it possible that a fiendish nature might supplant the human condition, and that the work before my eyes was merely an anticipation of those terrors, which to name startles the imagination and wrings the heart. Surrounded with agonies, the involuntary remark always came to my mind with renewed freshness, in the common occurrences of the hospital day. But, besides the sufferings of the wounded, a new species of suffering, scarcely less painful, and still more humiliating, began to be prominent. The provisions of the people, insufficiently laid in at the approach of the besiegers, rapidly failed, and the hospital itself was soon surrounded by supplicants for food. The distress, at last, became so excessive, that it amounted to agony. Emaciated figures of both sexes stole or forced their way into the building, to beg our rations, or snatch them from our feeble hands; and I often divided my scanty meal with individuals who had once been in opulent trade, or been ranked among the *semi-noblesse* of the surrounding country. Sometimes I missed faces to which I had been accustomed among those unfortunate beings, and I heard a still more unhappy tale—shall I call it more unhappy? They had perished by the cannon-shot, which now poured into the city day and night, or had been buried in the ruins of some of the buildings, which were now constantly falling under the heaviest bombardment in the annals of war. Of those scenes I say no more. If the siege of a great fortress is the most trying of all hazards to the soldier without, what must it be to the wretches within? Valenciennes was once the centre of the lace manufactures of France. The war had destroyed them at once. The proprietors had fled, the thousands of young and old employed in those delicate and beautiful productions, had fled too, or remained only to perish of famine. A city of twenty thousand of the most ingenious artists was turning day by day into a vast cemetery. As I tossed on my mattress hour after hour, and heard the roar of the successive batteries, shuddered at the fall of the shells, and was tortured by the cries of the crowd flying from the explosions all night long—I gave the deepest curses of my spirit to the passion for glory. It is true, that nations must defend themselves; the soldier is a protector to the industry, the wealth, and the happiness of the country. I am no disciple of the theory, which, disclaiming the first instinct of nature, self-preservation, invites injury by weakness, and creates war by impunity; but the human race ought to outlaw the man who dares to dream of conquest, and builds his name in the blood of man.

On my capture, one of my first wishes had been to acquaint my regiment with the circumstances of my misfortune, and to relieve my friends of their anxiety for the fate of a brother officer. But this object, which, in the older days of continental campaigning, would have been acceded to with a bow and a compliment by Monsieur le Comte, or Son Altesse Royale, the governor, was sturdily refused by the colonel in charge of the hospital—a firm Republican, and the son of a cobbler, who, swearing by the Goddess of Reason, threatened to hang over the gate the first man who dared to bring him another such proposal. I next sent my application to the commandant, a brave old soldier, who had served in the royal armies, and had the feelings of better times; but it was probably intercepted, for no answer came. This added deeply to my chagrin. My absence must give rise to conjecture; my fall had been unseen even by my men; and while I believed that my character was above the scandal of either pusillanimity or desertion, it still remained at the mercy of all.

But chance came to my relief. It happened that I had unconsciously won the particular regard of one of the *Béguines* who attended the hospital; and my *tristesse*, which she termed "effrayante," one evening attracted her peculiar notice. Let not my vanity be called in question; for my fair admirer was at least fifty years old, and was about the figure and form of one of her country chums, although her name was Juliet! Pretty as the name was, the *Béguine* had not an atom of the poetic about her. Romance troubled her not. Yet with a face like the full moon, and a pile of petticoats which would have made a dowdy of the "Belvedere Diana," she was a capital creature. Juliet, fat as she was, had the natural frolic of a squirrel; she was every where, and knew every thing, and did every thing for every body; her tongue and her feet were constantly busy; and I scarcely knew which was the better emblem of the perpetual motion. My paleness was peculiarly distressing to her; "it hurt her feelings;" it also hurt her honour; for she had been famous for her nursing, and as she told me, with her plump hands upon her still plumper hips, and her head thrown back with an air of conscious merit, "she had saved more than the doctors had killed." I had some reluctance to tell her the cause of my *tristesse*; for I knew her zeal, and I dreaded her plunging into some hazard with the authorities. But who has ever been able to keep a secret, where it was the will of the sex to extort it? Juliet obtained mine before she left the ward for the night; and desired me to give her a letter, which she pledged herself to transmit to my regiment. But this I determined to refuse, and I kept my determination. I had no desire to see my "fat friend" suspended from the pillars of the portico; or to hear of her, at least, being given over to the mercies of the provost-marshal. We parted, half in anger on her side, and with stern resolution on mine.

During the day Juliet was not forthcoming, and her absence produced, what the French call, a "lively sensation"—which, in nine instances out of ten, means an intolerable sense of ennui—in the whole establishment. I shared the general uneasiness, and at length began to cast glances towards the gate, where, though I was not exactly prepared to see the corpulent virtues of my friend in suspension, I had some tremblings for the state, "*sain et sauf*," of my *Béguine*. At last her face appeared at the opening of the great door, flushed with heat and good-nature, and, as it came moving through the crowd which gather-

ed round her with all kinds of enquiries, giving no bad resemblance to the moon seen through a fog; whether distinct or dim, full and florid to the last. Her good-humoured visage revived me, as if I had met a friend of as many years standing as she numbered from the cradle. But all my enquiries for the news of earth outside the hospital, were answered only by an "order" to keep myself tranquil—prevent the discomposure of my pulse, and duly drink my pisan. All this, however, was for the general ear. The feebleness which kept me confined to my bed during the day, had made my nights wakeful. On this night, whether from the anxiety of the day, or the heavier roar of the siege, for the bombardment was now at its height, I exhibited signs of returning fever, and the Béguine remained in attendance. But when the crowd had gone to such rest as they could find, amid the thunder of batteries and the bursting of shells, Juliet approached my pillow with a broad smile, which distended her good-natured mouth from ear to ear, and thrust under my pillow a small packet—the whole operation being followed by a finger pressed to her lips, and a significant glance to every corner of the huge melancholy hall, to see that all was secure. She then left me to my meditations!

The mysterious packet contained three letters; and, eager as I was for their perusal, I almost shuddered at their touch; for they must have been obtained with infinite personal peril, and if found upon the Béguine they might have brought her under the severest vengeance of the garrison. They were from Guiscard, Mariamne, and Mordecai. Thus to three individuals, all comparatively strangers, was my world reduced. But they were no common strangers; and I felt, while holding their letters in my hand, and almost pressing them to my heart, how much more strongly friendship may bind us than the ties of cold and negligent relationship. I opened the soldier's letter first. It was like every thing that Guiscard ever did; manly, yet kind. "Your disappearance in that unfortunate rencontre has created much sorrow and surprise; but the sorrow was all for your loss to the 'corps de corps,' and the surprise was, that no tidings could be heard of you, whether fallen or surviving. The flag and trumpet sent in next morning to recover the remains of such as had suffered in that mad rush to the gates of the town, came back without being permitted to pass beyond the outworks, bringing a brutal message from the officer on duty, 'that the next flag should be fired on,' and that the 'brave soldiers of the Republic allowed of no compromise, with the slaves of tyranny!' The bravado might be laughed at, but it left me in the dark relative to your fate; and if you are to be flattered by the feelings of men who cannot get at you but by cannon-shot, you may congratulate yourself on having had as many fine things said of you as would make an epitaph for a duke—and, I believe, with a sincerity at least equal to the best of them. I write all this laughingly now, but suspense makes heaviness of heart, and you cost me some uneasy hours, of course. I send you none of our news; as you will hear all in good time, and communications on public matters might bring your messenger or yourself into difficulties. You are alive, and in good hands; that is the grand point. Your character is now in my hands, and I shall take care of it; I shall see you a general officer yet, if you have not the greater luck to retire and live an honest farmer, sitting under your own fig-tree and your own vine, with an unromantic spouse, and some half dozen of red-cheeked children. Farewell, we shall soon see each other."

The last line evidently meant more than met the eye, and I was now just in the mind to indulge in the fantasies of my fair correspondent. They were like herself—a curious mixture of mirth and melancholy.

"Why I wished to write to you, or why I write at all—which, however, I do decorously at the side of my father—are questions which I have not taken the trouble of asking until this moment. But I am in Switzerland, where no one has time for any thing but worshipping mountain-tops, and falling down at the feet of cataracts. Whether it would add to Mr. Marston's satisfaction I cannot presume to say, but I feel better, much better, than when I first came into this land of fresh breezes and beauty of all kinds—the population, of every rank, always excepted. If I were, like you, a philosopher, I should probably say that nature gets tired of her work, and after having struck off some part of it with all the spirit of an Italian painter, disdains the trouble of finishing; or, like a French 'fashionable,' coquettes with her own charms, and is determined to make the world adore her, in spite of her slippers and her shawl. Thus, nature, which gave the peacock a diadem on its head, and a throne in its tail, has given it a pair of frightful legs. And on the same charming principle, she has given Switzerland the finest of all possible landscapes, and filled them with the most startling of all possible physiognomies.

"But no more of theory. It has already made my head ache, and headaches are, I know, contagious; so I spare you. Yet, have you a moment, among your thousand and one avocations, to remember my father—or me? I beg that I may not impede the march of armies, or shock the balance of Europe, while I solicit you to give me a single line—no more; a mere 'annonce' of any thing that can tell me of your 'intouvable' friend Lafontaine. This is not for myself. The intelligence is required for a sister of his whom I have lately met in this country—a showy 'citizeness' of Zurich, *embonpoint* and *matronly*, married to one of the portly burghers of the city, and exemplary in all the arts of sheep-shearing, wool-spinning, and cheese making; a mother surrounded *à la Française* with a host of Orlandos, Hyacinthes, Aristomenes, and Apollos—pretty children, with the Frenchman developing in all its gaudiness; the Switzer remaining behind, until it shall come forth in cloudy brows, and a face stamped with money-making. Madame Spiegler is still not beyond a waltz, and in the very whirl of one last night, she turned to me and implored that I should 'move heaven and earth,' as she termed it—with her blue eyes thrown up to the chandelier, and her remarkably pretty and well-*chaussée* feet still beating time to the dance—to bring her disconsolate bosom tidings of her '*frère, si bien aimé, si malheureux.*' I promised, and she flew off instantly into the very core of a dance, consisting of at least a hundred couples.

"I have just returned from a drive along the shore of the Lemman. The recollection of Madame Spiegler, rolling and rushing through the waltz like a dolphin through the waves; or like any thing caught in an enormous whirlpool, sweeping round perpetually until it was swept out of sight, had fevered me. The air here is certainly delicious. It has a sense of life—a vivid, yet soft, freshness, that makes the mere act of breathing it delightful. But I have mercy on you—not one word of Clarens, not one word of Meillerie. Take it for granted that Ferney is burnt down, as it well might be without any harm to the picturesque; and that Jean Jacques never wrote, played the knave, or existed. If I were a Swiss Caliph Omar, I should make a general seizure, to be followed by a general conflagration, of every volume that has ever touched on the wit and wickedness of the one, or the intolerable sensibility of the other. I should next extend the flame to all tours, meditations, and musings on hills, valleys, and lakes; prohibit all sunset 'sublimities,' as an offence against the state; and lay all raptures at the 'distant view of Mont Blanc,' or the 'ascent of the Rhigi,' if not under penalty of prison, at least under a bond never to be seen

in the territory again. But I must make my *adieu*. Apropos, if you should accidentally hear any thing of your *pelérin-à-pied* friend Lafontaine—for I conjecture that he has gone to discover the fountains of the Nile, or is at this moment a candidate for the office of court-chamberlain at Timbuctoo—let me hear it. Madame Spiegler is really uneasy on the subject, though it has not diminished either her weight or her velocity, nor will prevent her waltzing till the end of the world, or of herself. One sentence—nay, one syllable—will be enough.

"This night is delicious, and it is only common gratitude to nature to acknowledge, that she has done something in the scene before my casement at this sweet and quiet hour, which places her immeasurably above the *decorateurs* of a French *salon*. The sun has gone, and the moon has not yet come. There is scarcely a star and yet a light lingers, and floats, and descends over everything—hill, forest, and water—like the light that one sometimes sees in dreams. All dream alike—the work of a spell laid over a horizon of a hundred miles. I should scarcely be surprised to see visionary forms rising from these woods and waters, and ascending in bright procession into the clouds. I hear, at this moment, some touches of music, which I could almost believe to come from invisible instruments as they pass along with the breeze. Still, may I beg of you, Mr. Marston, not to suppose that I mean to extend this letter to the size of a government despatch, nor that the mark which I find I have left on my paper, is a tear! I have no sorrow to make its excuse. But here, one weeps for pleasure, and I can forgive even Rousseau his—'*Je m'attendrissais, je soupirais, et je pleurais comme un enfant. Combien de fois, m'arrêtant pour pleurer plus à mon aise, assis sur une grosse pierre, je me suis amusé à voir tomber mes larmes dans l'eau.*' Rousseau was lunatic, but he was not lunatic when he wrote this, or I am growing so too. For fear of that possible romance, I say, farewell.

"P.S.—Remember Madame Spiegler. *Toujours à vous*—MARIAMNE."

EARL OF CHATHAM.

From the Last Edinburgh Review.—[Continued.]

The revolution had saved the nation from one class of evils, but had at the same time—such is the imperfection of all things human—engendered or aggravated another class of evils which required new remedies. Liberty and property were secure from the attacks of prerogative. Conscience was respected. No government ventured to infringe any of the rights solemnly recognized by the instrument which had called William and Mary to the throne. But it cannot be denied, that under the new system, the public interests and the public morals were seriously endangered by corruption and faction. During the long struggle against the Stuarts, the chief object of the most enlightened statesmen had been to strengthen the House of Commons. The struggle was over, the victory was won, the House of Commons was supreme in the state; and all the vices which had till then been latent in the representative system were rapidly developed by prosperity and power. Scarcely had the executive government become really responsible to the House of Commons, when it began to appear that the House of Commons was not really responsible to the nation. Many of the constituent bodies were under the absolute control of individuals; many were notoriously at the command of the highest bidder. The debates were not published; it was very seldom known out of doors how a gentleman had voted. Thus, while the ministry was accountable to the Parliament, the majority of the Parliament was accountable to nobody. Under such circumstances, nothing could be more natural than that the members should insist on being paid for their votes, should form themselves into combinations for the purpose of raising the price of their votes, and should at critical conjunctures extort large wages by threatening a strike. Thus the Whig ministers of George the First and George the Second were compelled to reduce corruption to a system, and to practise it on a gigantic scale.

If we are right as to the cause of these abuses, we can scarcely be wrong as to the remedy. The remedy was surely not to deprive the House of Commons of its weight in the state. Such a course would undoubtedly have put an end to parliamentary corruption and to parliamentary factions: for, when votes cease to be of importance, they will cease to be bought, and when knaves can get nothing by combining, they will cease to combine. But to destroy corruption and faction by introducing despotism, would have been to cure bad by worse. The proper remedy evidently was, to make the House of Commons responsible to the nation; and this was to be effected in two ways—first, by giving publicity to parliamentary proceedings, and thus placing every member on his trial before the tribunal of public opinion; and secondly, by so reforming the constitution of the House, that no man should be able to sit in it who had not been returned by a respectable and independent body of constituents.

Bolingbroke and Bolingbroke's disciples recommended a very different mode of treating the diseases of the state. Their doctrine was, that a vigorous use of the prerogative by a patriot King would at once break all factious combinations, and supersede the pretended necessity of bribing members of Parliament. The King had only to resolve that he would be master, that he would not be held in thralldom by any set of men, that he would take for ministers any persons in whom he had confidence, without distinction of party, and that he would restrain his servants from influencing, by immoral means, either the constituent bodies or the representative body. This childish scheme proved that those who proposed it knew nothing of the nature of the evil with which they pretended to deal. The real cause of the prevalence of corruption and faction was, that a House of Commons, not accountable to the people, was more powerful than the King. Bolingbroke's remedy could be applied only by a King more powerful than the House of Commons. How was the patriot Prince to govern in defiance of the body without whose consent he could not equip a sloop, keep a battalion under arms, send an embassy, or defray even the charges of his own household! Was he to dissolve the Parliament! And what was he likely to gain by appealing to Sudbury and Old Sarum against the venality of their representatives! Was he to send out privy seals! Was he to levy ship-money! If so, this boasted reform must commence in all probability by civil war, and, if consummated, must be consummated by the establishment of absolute monarchy. Or was the patriot King to carry the House of Commons with him in his upright designs! By what means! Interdicting himself from the use of corrupt influence, what motive was he to address to the Dodgings and Winnings! Was cupidity, strengthened by habit, to be laid asleep by a few fine sentences about virtue and union?

Absurd as this theory was, it had many admirers, particularly among men of letters. It was now to be reduced to practice; and the result was, as any man of sagacity must have foreseen, the most piteous and ridiculous of failures.

On the very day of the young King's accession, appeared some signs which indicated the approach of a great change. The speech which he made to his council was not submitted to the cabinet. It was drawn up by Bute, and con-

tained some expressions which might be construed into reflections on the conduct of affairs during the late reign. Pitt remonstrated, and begged that these expressions might be softened down in the printed copy; but it was not till after some hours of altercation that Bute yielded; and, even after Bute had yielded, the King affected to hold out till the following afternoon. On the same day on which this singular contest took place, Bute was not only sworn of the privy council, but introduced into the cabinet.

Soon after this, Lord Holderness, one of the secretaries of state, in pursuance of a plan concerted with the court, resigned the seals. Bute was instantly appointed to the vacant place. A general election speedily followed, and the new secretary entered parliament in the only way in which he then could enter it, as one of the sixteen representative peers of Scotland.*

Had the ministers been firmly united, it can scarcely be doubted that they would have been able to withstand the court. The parliamentary influence of the Whig aristocracy, combined with the genius, the virtue, and the fame of Pitt, would have been irresistible. But there had been in the cabinet of George the Second latent jealousies and enmities, which now began to show themselves. Pitt had been estranged from his old ally Legge, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Some of the ministers were envious of Pitt's popularity; others were, not altogether without cause, disgusted by his imperious and haughty demeanour; others, again, were honestly opposed to some parts of his policy. They admitted that he had found the country in the depths of humiliation, and had raised it to the height of glory; they admitted that he had conducted the war with energy, ability, and splendid success. But they began to hint that the drain on the resources of the state was unexampled, and that the public debt was increasing with a speed at which Montague or Godolphin would have stood aghast. Some of the acquisitions made by our fleets and armies were, it was acknowledged, profitable as well as honourable; but, now that George the Second was dead, a courtier might venture to ask why England was to become a party in dispute between two German powers. What was it to her whether the house of Hapsburg or the house of Brandenburg ruled in Silesia? Why were the best English regiments fighting on the Maine? Why were the Prussian battalions paid with English gold? The great minister seemed to think it beneath him to calculate the price of victory. As long as the Tower guns were fired, as the streets were illuminated, as French banners were carried in triumph through the streets of London, it was to him a matter of indifference to what extent the public burdens were augmented. Nay, he seemed to glory in the magnitude of these sacrifices, which the people, fascinated by his eloquence and success, had too readily made, and would long and bitterly regret. There was no check on waste or embezzlement. Our commissaries returned from the camp of Prince Ferdinand to buy boroughs, to rear palaces, to rival the magnificence of the old aristocracy of the realm. Already had we borrowed, in four years of war, more than the most skilful and economical government would pay in forty years of peace. But the prospect of peace was as remote as ever. It could not be doubted that France, smarting and prostrate, would consent to fair terms of accommodation; but this was not what Pitt wanted. War had made him powerful and popular; with war, all that was brightest in his life was associated: for war, his talents were peculiarly fitted. He had at length begun to love war for its own sake, and was more disposed to quarrel with neutrals than to make peace with enemies.

Such were the views of the Duke of Bedford and of the Earl of Hardwicke; but no member of the government held these opinions so strongly as George Grenville, the treasurer of the navy. George Grenville was brother-in-law of Pitt, and had always been reckoned one of Pitt's personal and political friends. But it is difficult to conceive two men of talents and integrity more utterly unlike each other. Pitt, as his sister often said, knew nothing accurately except Spenser's Fairy Queen. He had never applied himself steadily to any branch of knowledge. He was a wretched financier. He never became familiar even with the rules of that House of which he was the brightest ornament. He had never studied public law as a system; and was, indeed, so ignorant of the whole subject, that George the Second, on one occasion, complained bitterly that a man who had never read Vattel should presume to undertake the direction of foreign affairs. But these defects were more than redeemed by high and rare gifts; by a strange power of inspiring great masses of men with confidence and affection; by an eloquence which not only delighted the ear, but stirred the blood and brought tears into the eyes; by originality in devising plans; by vigor in executing them. Grenville, on the other hand, was by nature and habit a man of details. He had been bred a lawyer; and he had brought the industry and acuteness of the Temple into official and parliamentary life. He was supposed to be intimately acquainted with the whole fiscal system of the country. He had paid especial attention to the law of Parliament, and was so learned in all things relating to the privileges and orders of the House of Commons, that those who loved him least pronounced him the only person competent to succeed Onslow in the Chair. His speeches were generally instructive, and sometimes, from the gravity and earnestness with which he spoke, even impressive; but never brilliant, and generally tedious. Indeed, even when he was at the head of affairs, he sometimes found it difficult to obtain the ear of the House. In disposition as well as in intellect, he differed widely from his brother-in-law. Pitt was utterly regardless of money. He would scarcely stretch out his hand to take it; and, when it came, he threw it away with childish profusion. Grenville, though strictly upright, was grasping and parsimonious. Pitt was a man of excitable nerves, sanguine in hope, easily elated by success and popularity, keenly sensible of injury, but prompt to forgive; Grenville's character was stern, melancholy, and pertinacious. No thing was more remarkable in him than his inclination always to look on the dark side of things. He was the raven of the House of Commons, always croaking defeat in the midst of triumphs, and bankruptcy with an overflowing exchequer. Burke, with general applause, compared Grenville, in a time of quiet and plenty, to the evil spirit whom Ovid described looking down on the stately temples and wealthy haven of Athens, and scarce able to refrain from weeping because she could find nothing at which to weep. Such a man was not likely to be popular. But to unpopularity Grenville opposed a dogged determination, which sometimes forced even those who hated him to respect him.

It was natural that Pitt and Grenville, being such as they were, should take very different views of the situation of affairs. Pitt could see nothing but the trophies; Grenville could see nothing but the bill. Pitt boasted that England was victorious at once in America, in India, and in Germany—the umpire of the Continent, the mistress of the sea. Grenville cast up the subsidies, sighed over the army extraordinaries, and groaned in spirit to think that the nation had borrowed eight millions in one year.

With a ministry thus divided it was not difficult for Bute to deal. Legge

was the first who fell. He had given offence to the young King in the late reign, by refusing to support a creature of Bute at a Hampshire election. He was now not only turned out, but in the closet, when he delivered up his seal of office, was treated with gross incivility.

Pitt, who did not love Legge, saw this event with indifference. But the danger was now fast approaching himself. Charles the Third of Spain had early conceived a deadly hatred of England. Twenty years before when he was King of the Two Sicilies, he had been eager to join the coalition against Maria Theresa. But an English fleet had suddenly appeared in the Bay of Naples. An English captain had landed, had proceeded to the palace, had laid a watch on the table, and had told his majesty that, within an hour a treaty of neutrality must be signed, or a bombardment would commence. The treaty was signed; the squadron sailed out of the bay twenty-four hours after it had sailed in; and from that day the ruling passion of the humbled Prince was aversion to the English name. He was at length in a situation in which he might hope to gratify that passion. He had recently become King of Spain and the Indies. He saw, with envy and apprehension, the triumphs of our navy, and the rapid extension of our colonial Empire. He was a Bourbon, and sympathized with the distress of the house from which he sprang. He was a Spaniard; and no Spaniard could bear to see Gibraltar and Minorca in the possession of a foreign power. Impelled by such feelings, Charles concluded a secret treaty with France. By this treaty known as the Family Compact, the two powers bound themselves, not in express words, but by the clearest implication, to make war on England in common. Spain postponed the declaration of hostilities only till the fleet, laden with the treasures of America, should have arrived.

The existence of the treaty could not be kept a secret from Pitt. He acted as a man of his capacity and energy might be expected to act. He at once proposed to declare war against Spain, and to intercept the American fleet. He had determined, it is said, to attack without delay both Havana and the Philippines.

His wise and resolute counsel was rejected. Bute was foremost in opposing it, and was supported by almost the whole cabinet. Some of the ministers doubted, or affected to doubt, the correctness of Pitt's intelligence; some shrank from the responsibility of advising a course so bold and decided as that which he proposed; some were weary of his ascendancy, and were glad to be rid of him on any pretext. One only of his colleagues agreed with him, his brother-in-law, Earl Temple.

Pitt and Temple resigned their offices. To Pitt the young King behaved at parting in the most gracious manner. Pitt, who, proud and fiery everywhere else, was always meek and humble in the closet, was moved even to tears. The King and the favourite urged him to accept some substantial mark of royal gratitude. Would he like to be appointed governor of Canada? A salary of £5000. a-year should be annexed to the office. Residence would not be required. It was true that the governor of Canada, as the law then stood, could not be a member of the House of Commons. But a bill should be brought in, authorizing Pitt to hold his government together with a seat in Parliament, and in the preamble should be set forth his claims to the gratitude of his country. Pitt answered with all delicacy, that his anxieties were rather for his wife and family than for himself, and that nothing would be so acceptable to him as a mark of royal goodness which might be beneficial to those who were dearest to him. The hint was taken. The same gazette which announced the retirement of the secretary of state, announced also, that, in consideration of his great public services, his wife had been created peeress in her own right, and a pension of three thousand pounds a-year, for three lives, had been bestowed on him, self. It was doubtless thought that the rewards and honours conferred on the great minister would have a conciliatory effect on the public mind. Perhaps, too, it was thought that his popularity, which had partly arisen from the contempt which he had always shown for money, would be damaged by a pension; and, indeed, a crowd of libels instantly appeared, in which he was accused of having sold his country. Many of his true friends thought that he would have best consulted the dignity of his character by refusing to accept any pecuniary reward from the court. Nevertheless, the general opinion of his talents, virtues, and services, remained unaltered. Addresses were presented to him from several large towns. London showed its admiration and affection in a still more marked manner. Soon after his resignation came the Lord Mayor's day. The King and the royal family dined at Guildhall. Pitt was one of the guests. The young sovereign, seated by his bride in his state coach, received a remarkable lesson. He was scarcely noticed. All eyes were fixed on the fallen minister; all exclamations were directed to him: The streets, the balconies, the chimney-tops, burst into a roar of delight as his chariot passed by. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs from the windows. The common people clung to the wheels, shook hands with the footmen, and even kissed the horses. Cries of 'No Bute!' 'No Newcastle salmon!' were mingled with the shouts of 'Pitt for ever!' When Pitt entered Guildhall, he was welcomed by loud huzzas and clapping of hands, in which the very magistrates of the city joined. Lord Bute, in the mean time, was hooted and pelted through Cheapside, and would, it is thought, have been in some danger, if he had not taken the precaution of surrounding his carriage with a strong body-guard of boxers. Many persons blamed the conduct of Pitt on this occasion as disrespectful to the King. Indeed, Pitt himself afterwards owned that he done wrong. He was led into this error, as he was afterwards led into more serious errors, by the influence of his turbulent and mischievous brother-in-law, Temple.

The events which immediately followed Pitt's retirement raised his fame higher than ever. War with Spain proved to be, as he had predicted, inevitable. News came from the West Indies that Martinique had been taken by an expedition which he had sent forth. Havana fell; and it was known that he had planned an attack on Havana. Manila capitulated; and it was believed that he had meditated a blow against Manila. The American fleet which he had proposed to intercept, had unloaded an immense cargo of bullion in the haven of Cadiz, before Bute could be convinced that the court of Madrid really entertained hostile intentions.

The session of Parliament which followed Pitt's retirement passed over without any violent storm. Lord Bute took himself the most prominent part in the House of Lords. He had become secretary of state, and indeed prime minister, without having once opened his lips in public except as an actor. There was, therefore, no small curiosity to know how he would acquit himself. Members of the House of Commons crowded the bar of the Lords, and covered the steps of the throne. It was generally expected that the orator would break down; but his most malicious hearers were forced to own that he had made a better figure than they expected. They, indeed, ridiculed his action as theatrical, and his style as tumid. They were especially amused by long pauses which, not from hesitation but from affectation, he made at all the emphatic words, and Charles Townshend cried out 'Minute guns!' The general opinion however

* In the reign of Anne, the House of Lords had resolved that, under the 23d article of Union, no Scotch peer could be created a peer of Great Britain. This resolution was not annulled till the year 1788.

was, that if Bute had been early practised in debate, he might have become an impressive speaker.

In the Commons, George Grenville had been entrusted with the lead. The task was not, as yet, a very difficult one: for Pitt did not think fit to raise the standard of opposition. His speeches at this time were distinguished, not only by that eloquence in which he excelled all his rivals, but also by a temperance and a modesty which had too often been wanting to his character. When war was declared against Spain, he justly laid claim to the merit of having foreseen what at length had become manifest to all, but he carefully abstained from arrogant and acrimonious expressions; and this abstinence was the more honourable to him, because his temper, never very placid, was now severely tried, both by gout and by calumny. The courtiers had adopted a mode of warfare, which was soon turned with far more formidable effect against themselves. Half the inhabitants of the Grub Street garrets paid their milk-scores, and got their shirts out of pawn, by abusing Pitt. His German war, his subsidies, his pension, his wife's peerage, were shins of beef and gin, blankets and baskets of small coal, to the starving poetasters of the Fleet. Even in the House of Commons, he was, on one occasion during this session, assailed with an insolence and malice which called forth the indignation of men of all parties; but he endured the outrage with majestic patience. In his younger days he had been but too prompt to retaliate on those who attacked him; but now, conscious of his great services, and of the space which he filled in the eyes of all mankind, he would not stoop to personal squabbles. "This is no season," he said, in the debate on the Spanish war, "for altercation and recrimination. A day has arrived when every Englishman should stand forth for his country. Arm the whole; be one people; forget everything but the public. I set you the example. Harassed by slanderers, sinking under pain and disease, for the public I forget both my wrongs and my infirmities!" On a general review of his life, we are inclined to think that his genius and virtue never shone with so pure an effulgence as during the session of 1762.

The session drew towards the close; and Bute, emboldened by the acquiescence of the Houses, resolved to strike another great blow, and to become first minister in name as well as in reality. That coalition, which a few months before had seemed all powerful, had been dissolved. The retreat of Pitt had deprived the government of popularity. Newcastle had exulted in the fall of the illustrious colleague whom he envied and dreaded, and had not foreseen that his own doom was at hand. He still tried to flatter himself that he was at the head of the government; but insults heaped on insults at length undeceived him. Places which had always been considered as in his gift, were bestowed without any reference to him. His expostulations only called forth significant hints that it was time for him to retire. One day he pressed on Bute the claims of a Whig Prelate to the archbishopric of York. "If your grace thinks so highly of him," answered Bute, "I wonder that you did not promote him when you had the power." Still the old man clung with a desperate grasp to the wreck. Seldom, indeed, have Christian meekness and Christian humility equalled the meekness and humility of his patient and abject ambition. At length he was forced to understand that all was over. He quitted that court where he had held high office during forty-five years, and hid his shame and regret among the cedars of Claremont. Bute became first lord of the treasury.

The favourite had undoubtedly committed a great error. It is impossible to imagine a tool better suited to his purposes than that which he thus threw away, or rather put into the hands of his enemies. If Newcastle had been suffered to play at being first minister, Bute might securely and quietly have enjoyed the substance of power. The gradual introduction of Tories into all the departments of the government might have been effected without any violent clamour, if the chief of the great Whig connection had been ostensibly at the head of affairs. This was strongly represented to Bute by Lord Mansfield, a man who may justly be called the father of modern Toryism, of Toryism modified to suit an order of things under which the House of Commons is the most powerful body in the state. The theories which had dazzled Bute could not impose on the fine intellect of Mansfield. The temerity with which Bute provoked the hostility of powerful and deeply-rooted interests, was displeasing to Mansfield's cold and timid nature. Expostulation, however, was vain. Bute was impatient of advice, drunk with success, eager to be, in show as well as reality, the head of the government. He had engaged in an undertaking, in which a screen was absolutely necessary to his success, and even to his safety. He found an excellent screen ready and in the very place where it was needed; and he rudely pushed it away.

And now the new system of government came into full operation. For the first time since the accession of the house of Hanover, the Tory party was in the ascendant. The prime minister himself was a Tory. Lord Egremont, who had succeeded Pitt as secretary of state, was a Tory, and the son of a Tory. Sir Francis Dashwood, a man of slender parts, of small experience, and of notoriously immoral character, was made chancellor of the exchequer, for no reason that could be imagined, except that he was a Tory and had been a Jacobite. The royal household was filled with men whose favourite toast a few years before, had been the 'King over the water.' The relative position of the two great national seats of learning was suddenly changed. The University of Oxford had long been the chief seat of disaffection. In troubled times, the High Street had been lined with bayonets; the colleges had been searched by the King's messengers. Grave doctors were in the habit of talking very Ciceronian treason in the theatre; and the under-graduates drank bumpers to Jacobite toasts, and chanted Jacobite airs. Of four successive Chancellors of the University, one had notoriously been in the pretender's service; the other three were fully believed to be in secret correspondence with the exiled family. Cambridge had therefore been especially favoured by the Hanoverian Princes, and had shown herself grateful for their patronage. George the First had enriched her library; George the Second had contributed munificently to her senate-house. Bishops and deaneries were showered on her children. Her chancellor was Newcastle, the chief of the Whig aristocracy; her High-Steward was Hardwicke, the Whig head of the law. Both her burgesses had held office under the Whig ministry. Times had now changed. The University of Cambridge was received at St. James's with comparative coldness. The answers to the addresses of Oxford were all graciousness and warmth.

The watchwords of the new government were prerogative and purity. The sovereign was no longer to be a puppet in the hands of any subject, or of any combination of subjects. George the Third would not be forced to take ministers whom he disliked, as his grandfather had been forced to take Pitt. George the Third would not be forced to part with any whom he delighted to honour, as his grandfather had been forced to part with Carteret. At the same time the system of bribery which had grown up during the late reigns was to cease. It was ostentatiously proclaimed that, since the accession of the young

King, neither constituents nor representatives had been bought with the secret service money. To free Britain from corruption and oligarchical cabals, to detach her from continental connections, to bring the bloody and expensive war with France and Spain to a close, such were the specious objects which Bute professed to procure.

Some of these objects he attained. England withdrew, at the cost of a deep stain on her faith, from her German connections. The war with France and Spain was terminated by a peace, honourable indeed and advantageous to our country, yet less honourable and less advantageous than might have been expected from a long and almost unbroken series of victories, by land and sea, in every part of the world. But the only effect of Bute's domestic administration was to make faction wilder and corruption fouler than ever.

The mutual animosity of the Whig and Tory parties had begun to languish after the fall of Walpole, and had seemed to be almost extinct at the close of the reign of George the Second. It now revived in all its force. Many Whigs, it is true, were still in office. The Duke of Bedford had signed the treaty with France. The Duke of Devonshire, though much out of humour, still continued to be Lord-Chamberlain. Grenville who led the House of Commons, and Fox who still enjoyed in silence the immense gains of the Pay-Office, had always been regarded as strong Whigs. But the bulk of the party throughout the country regarded the new minister with abhorrence. There was, indeed, no want of popular themes for invective against his character. He was a favourite; and favourites have always been odious in this country. No mere favourite had been at the head of the government, since the dagger of Felton reached the heart of the Duke of Buckingham. After that event, the most arbitrary and the most frivolous of the Stuarts had felt the necessity of confiding the chief direction of affairs to men who had given some proof of parliamentary or official talent. Strafford, Falkland, Clarendon, Clifford, Shaftesbury, Lauderdale, Danby, Temple, Halifax, Rochester, Sunderland, whatever their faults might be, were all men of acknowledged ability. They did not owe their eminence merely to the favour of the sovereign. On the contrary they owed the favour of the sovereign to their eminence. Most of them, indeed, had first attracted the notice of the court by the capacity and vigour which they had shown in opposition. The Revolution seemed to have for ever secured the State against the domination of a Carr or a Villiers. Now, however, the personal regard of the King had at once raised a man who had seen nothing of public business, who had never opened his lips in Parliament, over the heads of a crowd of eminent orators, financiers, diplomats. From a private gentleman, this fortunate minion had at once been turned into a secretary of state. He had made his maiden speech when at the head of the administration. The vulgar resorted to a simple explanation of the phenomenon, and the coarsest ribaldry against the Princess Mother was scrawled on every wall and in every alley.

This was not all. The spirit of party, roused by impolitic provocation from its long sleep, roused in turn a still fiercer and more malignant Fury, the spirit of national animosity. The grudge of Whig against Tory was mingled with the grudge of Englishmen against Scot. The two sections of the great British people had not yet been indissolubly blended together. The events of 1715 and 1745 had left painful and enduring traces. The tradesmen of Cornhill had been in dread of seeing their tills and warehouses plundered by bare-legged mountaineers from the Grampians. They still recollected that Black Friday, when the news came that the rebels were at Derby, when all the shops in the city were closed, and when the Bank of England began to pay in sixpences. The Scots on the other hand, remembered, with natural resentment, the severity with which the insurgents had been chastised, the military outrages, the humiliating laws, the heads fixed on Temple Bar, the fires and quartering-blocks on Kennington Common. The favourite did not suffer the English to forget from what part of the island he came. The cry of all the south was that the public offices, the army, the navy, were filled with high-cheeked Drummonds and Erskines, Macdonalds and Macgillivrays, who could not talk a Christian tongue, and some of whom had but lately begun to wear Christian breeches. All the old jokes on hills without trees, girls without stockings, men eating the food of horses, pails emptied from the fourteenth story, were pointed against these lucky adventurers. To the honour of the Scots it must be said, that their prudence and their pride restrained them from retaliation. Like the princess in the Arabian tale, they stopped their ears tight, and unmoved by the shrillest notes of abuse, walked on, without once looking round, straight towards the Golden Fountain.

Bute who had always been considered as a man of taste and reading, affected, from the moment of his elevation, the character of a Mæcenæ. If he expected to conciliate the public by encouraging literature and art, he was grievously mistaken. Indeed, none of the objects of his munificence, with the single exception of Johnson, can be said to have been well selected; and the public, not unnaturally, ascribed the selection of Johnson rather to the Doctor's political prejudices than to his literary merits. For a wretched scribbler named Shebbeare, who had nothing in common with Johnson except violent Jacobinism, and who had stood in the pillory for a libel on the Revolution, was honoured with a mark of royal approbation, similar to that which was bestowed on the author of the English Dictionary, and of the Vanity of Human Wishes. It was remarked that Adam, a Scotchman, was the court architect, and that Ramsay, a Scotchman, was the court painter, and was preferred to Reynolds. Mallet, a Scotchman of no high literary fame, and of infamous character, partook largely of the liberality of the government. John Home, a Scotchman, was rewarded for the tragedy of Douglas, both with a pension and with a sinecure place. But, when the author of the Bard, and of the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, ventured to ask for a Professorship, the emoluments of which he much needed, and for the duties of which he was, in many respects, better qualified than any man living, he was refused; and the post was bestowed on the pedagogue under whose care the favourite's son-in-law, Sir James Lowther, had made such signal proficiency in the graces and in the humane virtues.

Thus, the first lord of the treasury was detested by many as a Tory, by many as a favourite, and by many as a Scot. All the hatred which flowed from these various sources soon mingled, and was directed in one torrent of obloquy against the treaty of peace. The Duke of Bedford, who negotiated that treaty, was hooted through the streets. Bute was attacked in the chair, and was with difficulty rescued by a troop of guards. He could hardly walk the streets in safety without disguising himself. A gentleman who died not many years ago used to say, that he once recognized the favourite Earl in the piazza of Covent-Garden, muffled in a large coat, and with a hat and a wig drawn down over his brows. His lordship's established type with the mob was a jack-boot, a wretched pun on his Christian name and title. A jack-boot, generally accompanied by a petticoat, was sometimes fastened on a gallows, and sometimes committed to the flames. Libels on the court, exceeding in audacity and rancour any that

had been published for many years, now appeared daily both in prose and verse. Wilkes, with lively insolence, compared the mother of George the Third to the mother of Edward the Third, and the Scotch minister to the gentle Mortimer. Churchill, with all the energy of hatred, deplored the fate of his country, invaded by a new race of savages, more cruel and ravenous than the Picts or the Danes, the poor, proud children of Leprosy and Hunger. It is a slight circumstance, but deserves to be recorded, that in this year pamphleteers first ventured to print at length the names of the great men whom they lampooned. George the Second had always been the K—. His ministers had been Sir R— W—, Mr. P—, and the Duke of N—. But the libellers of George the Third, of the Princess Mother, and of Lord Bute, did not give quarter to a single vowel.

It was supposed that Lord Temple secretly encouraged the most scurrilous assailants of the government. In truth, those who knew his habits tracked him as men track a mole. It was his nature to grub underground. Whenever a heap of dirt was flung up, it might well be suspected that he was at work in some foul crooked labyrinth below. But Pitt turned away from the filthy work of opposition, with the same scorn with which he had turned away from the filthy work of government. He had the magnanimity to proclaim everywhere the disgust which he felt at the insults offered by his own adherents to the Scottish nation, and missed no opportunity of extolling the courage and fidelity which the Highland regiments had displayed through the whole war. But, though he disdained to use any but lawful and honourable weapons, it was well known that his fair blows were likely to be far more formidable than the privy thrusts of his brother-in-law's stiletto.

Bute's heart began to fail him. The Houses were about to meet. The treaty would instantly be the subject of discussion. It was probable that Pitt, the great Whig connection, and the multitude, would all be on the same side. The favourite had professed to hold in abhorrence those means by which preceding ministers had kept the House of Commons in good-humour. He now began to think that he had been too scrupulous. His Utopian visions were at an end. It was necessary, not only to bribe, but to bribe more shamelessly and flagitiously than his predecessors, in order to make up for lost time. A majority must be secured, no matter by what means. Could Grenville do this? Would he do it? His firmness and ability had not yet been tried in any perilous crisis. He had been generally regarded as a humble follower of his brother Temple, and of his brother-in-law Pitt, and was supposed, though with little reason, to be still favourably inclined towards them. Other aid must be called in. And where was other aid to be found?

There was one man whose sharp and manly logic had often in debate been found a match for the lofty and impassioned rhetoric of Pitt, whose talents for jobbing were not inferior to his talents for debate, whose dauntless spirit shrank from no difficulty or danger, and who was as little troubled with scruples as with fears. Henry Fox, or nobody, could weather the storm which was about to burst. Yet was he a person to whom the court, even in that extremity, was unwilling to have recourse. He had always been regarded as a Whig of the Whigs. He had been the friend and disciple of Walpole. He had long been connected by close ties with William Duke of Cumberland. By the Tories he was more hated than any man living. So strong was their aversion to him, that when, in the late reign, he attempted to form a party against the Duke of Newcastle, they had thrown all their weight into Newcastle's scale. By the Scots, Fox was abhorred as the confidential friend of the conqueror of Culloden. He was, on personal grounds, most obnoxious to the Princess Mother. For he had, immediately after her husband's death, advised the late King to take the education of her son, and heir apparent, entirely out of her hands. He had recently given, if possible, still deeper offence; for he had indulged, not without some ground, the ambitious hope that his beautiful sister-in-law, the Lady Sarah Lennox, might be queen of England. It had been observed, that the King at one time rode every morning by the grounds of Holland House, and that, on such occasions, Lady Sarah, dressed like a shepherdess at a masquerade, was making hay close to the road, which was then separated by no wall from the lawn. On account of the part which Fox had taken in this singular love-affair, he was the only member of the Privy Council who was not summoned to the meeting at which his majesty announced his intended marriage with the Princess of Mecklenburg. Of all the statesmen of the age, therefore, it seemed that Fox was the last with whom Bute, the Tory, the Scot, the favourite of the Princess Mother, could, under any circumstances, act. Yet to Fox Bute was now compelled to apply.—[To be continued]

THE LAY OF THE LABOURER.

BY T. HOOD.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
And here's a ready hand
To ply the needful tool,
And skill'd enough, by lessons rough,
In Labour's rugged school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch,
To lop or fell the tree,
To lay the swarth on the sultry field,
Or plough the stubborn lea;
The harvest stack to bind,
The wheaten rick to thatch,
And never fear in my pouch to find
The tinder or the match.

To a flaming barn or farm
My fancies never roam;
The fire I yearn to kindle and burn
Is on the hearth of Home;
Where children huddle and crouch
Through dark long winter days,
Where starving children huddle and crouch,
To see the cheerful rays,
A-glowing on the haggard cheek,
And not in the haggard's blaze!

To him who sends a drought
To parch the fields forlorn,
The rain to flood the meadows with mud,
The blight to blast the corn,
To him I leave to guide
The bolt in its crooked path,

To strike the miser's rick, and show
The skies blood-red with wrath.
A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
The corn to thrash, or the hedge to plash,
The market-team to drive,
Or mend the fence by the cover side,
And leave the game alive.

Ay, only give me work,
And then you need not fear
That I shall snare his worship's hare,
Or kill his grace's deer;
Break into his lordship's house,
To steal the plate so rich;
Or leave the yeoman that had a purse
To welter in a ditch.

Wherever Nature needs,
Wherever Labour calls,
No job I'll shirk of the hardest work,
To shun the workhouse walls;
Where savage laws begrudge
The pauper babe its breath,
And doom a wife to a widow's life,
Before her partner's death.

My only claim is this,
With labour stiff and stark,
By lawful turn, my living to earn,
Between the light and dark;
My daily bread, and nightly bed,
My bacon, and drop of beer—
But all from the hand that holds the land,
And none from the overseer!

No parish money, or loaf,
No pauper badges for me,
A son of the soil, by right of toil,
Entitled to my fee.

No alms I ask, give me my task:
Here are the arm, the leg,
The strength, the sinews of a man,
To work, and not to beg.

Still one of Adam's heirs,
Though doom'd by chance of birth
To dress so mean, and to eat the lean,
Instead of the fat of the earth;
To make such humble meals
As honest labour can,
A bone and a crust, with a grace to God,
And little thanks to man!

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
Whatever the tool to ply,
Here is a willing drudge,
With muscle and limb, and woe to him
Who does their pay begrudge!

Who every weekly score
Docks labour's little mite,
Bestows on the poor at the temple door,
But robb'd them over night.
The very shilling he hoped to save,
As health and morals fail,
Shall visit me in the New Bastille,
The Spital, or the Gaol!

THE OUTCAST.—A TALE.

BY THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

Hotel de l'Orient, Marseilles, July 6, 183—.

Dear —, I take the opportunity of the packet's return to send you the papers of my uncle which I spoke of. You no doubt thought I was off with them for good, to the disappointment of your curiosity; but the fact of their being among my baggage is altogether owing to my hurried departure on the morning after our last meeting. As I have slender recollection of much that passed that evening, and am not aware whether or not I explained to you their origin, I may as well do it now. The narrative is the production of my uncle, the late Dr. —, of —, and refers to a period of about thirty years back, when he was endeavouring to conjure up a practice in England. Why he should have ever written it, I cannot account, except from the difficulty of altogether keeping a secret. He died very suddenly, and these papers, tied up with others of a similar description—old love-letters, &c., came into my possession. You will observe that the names are in cypher, but this is not of much importance, and you can understand the narrative quite as well by supposing names for the personages, such as Jenkins or Snooks, if your taste lie one way, or Howard or Cavendish, if the other. I may mention to you that though a member of the doctor's family, and brought up for the most part in his house, I never heard of the circumstances till the papers came into my possession.

It would be tedious to detail the various steps through which my acquaintance with Mr. Emmanuel Jaques, a gentleman of Jewish lineage and persuasion, advanced to intimate friendship. I was endeavouring to establish a practice in a small town a few miles from London, and he inhabited a retired cottage in its vicinity. When I first knew him, an elderly man, by name Conrad Hermann, and a girl about fourteen, called Rachel, resided with him; an aged Hebrew female domestic and a kitchen girl formed the other occupants of the house. They lived an exceedingly retired life, and drew their support from some sources with which it was long before I became rightly acquainted.

At the time I thus introduce them to you, Mr. Jaques was about twenty-four years of age, and was upon the whole, a young man of the strangest and most

striking appearance in person, manner, and habits, that I have ever observed. No man could appear more calculated for a complete enjoyment of the pleasures of society, and yet he seemed debarred from them by some strange invisible chain—some mental barrier that kept him back from any advances towards his fellow beings. He was possessed of remarkable beauty of features, with the peculiarities that are generally held to indicate a Jewish origin discernible upon them. He had, moreover, in all things very much the aspect of a gentleman; was always remarkably clean and neat in his apparel, but used perfumes to excess. The skin of his hands and the upper part of his face was extremely fair, though on close inspection, you would find it seemed not the common white of the skin, but a sort of dry white, like that of a waxen bust in a perruquier's window. The colour on his cheek was delicate and rosy, like the complexion of a female child, yet had also a dry, sapless appearance; a pair of very expressive dark eyes, and hair of a jetty curl, lent their aid to make him what he really was, the finest faced man I have ever seen.

But mark! Upon this beautiful face sat an expression the most unique and constant—that of painful depression varying in its range of poignancy from melancholy, or even a kind of resigned pensiveness, to the writhing features and upward strained eyes which seemed to indicate mental anguish unbearable yet hopeless—complete despair, unspoken, because altogether beyond human appreciation or sympathy—and this latter was as the rule—the former was the exception. A person on first observing this, would have concluded it to be the despair of religious fanaticism with regard to futurity, for nothing save the idea of a perpetuity of torture—the most extreme which omniscience could invent or omnipotence effect—and that, too, unavoidable, indeed, foreknown and fated from everlasting, could be conceived capable of producing a look so preternatural in its misery and hopelessness—so sublime in its bleak elevation above the common smiles and tears of mankind. But it was not so.

I have suffered myself from that hideous mental malady Infidelity (and what studiously addicted young man has not between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five?). I have suffered from it, and know the agony of being without hope—of believing that there is *no state* after death—that in the grave there is no more of the sweet consciousness of existence—of the noble faculty of thinking—no more of the exquisite stimulus of passion, of the soft bliss of emotion—nothing to be perceived—nothing remembered—nothing felt—nothing known—all blank, blank—for ever blank. I have known this, and though when suffering under it—ay, and under the additional pressures of poverty and disappointment, and no faith in a Providence to help, I have been able to smile with one and laugh with another, and to give little outward evidence of inward suffering, save in this supposition also. Yet believing this to be the extremest misery a well-cultivated and sane mind can suffer from, I had no hesitation in ascribing it as the cause giving origin to the awful despondency of Jaques—but I was in error. Surely his must have been indeed a dread affliction. I never saw in his features that look of ordinary feeling, of apathetic intelligence—neither joy nor sorrow, which every one is accustomed to see on all countenances. The best expression they commonly wore, was pensive resignation to a great and hopeless evil. I never observed him laugh or smile in mirth—the most ludicrous scene was able to elicit no more from him than an insane look, as if he were gazing through it at something beyond. The brightest weather, the most beautiful scenery, failed to put him in spirits. Music could not do it—lighter strains he heard as if he heard them not—and sadder or more solemn melted him to tears, and then with the big drops falling from among his fingers, or steeping his handkerchief as he bowed down, leaning upon his hand, he appeared to feel the greatest degree of happiness, or rather the least degree of wretchedness, that fell to his strange lot.

He seemed a being devoid of all regards or sympathies for his kind or their concerns—who walked the world alone, unmoved by its proceedings, uncaring for its opinions, his whole mind being required for one purpose to concentrate itself under some vast and mysterious affliction—some affliction unmerited, or if merited, not by the being who thus endured it, but by his erring fathers. His gait was slow and rambling, his aspect abstracted, his whole appearance unlike that of an ordinary man. His singular beauty, his rapt and, at the same time, agonised demeanour, his continual silence and solitude, gave him the appearance of some superior being condemned to fulfil on this earth a dreadful weird, with unseen forces lashing his spirit. Day after day might he be seen with the same costly and careful dress, giving forth the same overpowering odour of distilled essences, idling thoughtfully along a sequestered path, picking his steps with the utmost caution, avoiding with extreme care quarrelsome or suspicious looking people, cattle, dogs, and places where the slightest danger might, by possibility, be imagined; yet seeming as if his dress, as well as the direction or manner of his walk, were a matter of no import to him, his whole interest being engrossed by the mighty hidden woe that was preying upon his spirit. Sometimes the expression of mental torture in his countenance was so fearful, that the neighbouring folks, contact with whom he seemed so much to dread, were frightened on their own side, and shunning his haunts as much as lay in their power, when they could not help meeting him, passed hurriedly by with a shudder, and a muttered prayer for blessing to themselves. Those who were in the habit of meeting him much, thought him a maniac; and the fact that Mr. Hermann was nearly always seen attending at a distance and watching all his motions, justified this belief. I entertained it at first myself, but afterwards found I was wrong.

He was not a man of high talent or acute judgment, his temperament being altogether sensitive and emotional. And his emotions which thus wholly influenced him, were of a most vivid character. I never knew one, in my opinion, more prone to entertain the feeling of strong and true friendship than he was; he could give freely every favour, forgive every fault, and still bear unchanged regard. Love, too, I found he did cherish; a pure and most fervid passion, but a sorrowing and fruitless one, fated to be disappointed. Fear ruled him absolutely. On first acquaintance with him, you would have thought him the most pitiable coward. He appeared to dread every thing—a shower of rain—the sight of an ox driven along the path—of a spirited horse, or a tattered beggar, would, on his first desecrating either, drive him in terror to his house, where, with locked doors, he remained for a time. The sight of fire-arms, or even of a common knife, he could not bear, and the view of one fainting or in fits induced the worst paroxysms of his dark melancholy. And yet this cowardice was, in reality, not a primary but a secondary feeling. He did not dread danger or death on their own account, but because he believed they would infallibly expose to the eyes of men the secret vulture, whose feeding upon him he could not have revealed, and live. There was a shame, though not that of guilt—a mortal shame wrapt up in the dread mystery of his hidden agony, which the least accident might unveil.

Hope was a passion that he had long banished from him as a heartless deceiver; but anger and jealousy would, in certain circumstances, overrun his

mind like barbaric hordes, converting every thing beautiful or noble into a confused mass of discoloured ruin.

His sensibility was excessive; the least kindness he felt and was eminently grateful for; while unkindness, though haply not intentional, wounded him to the soul. Though offered in the way of sympathy, the slightest allusion to the cause of his strange and continual despondency, vexed him exceedingly. One could not help immediately seeing the extreme pain and shame he suffered from; it was so plainly evident in his exquisitely expressive face, which seemed as it were a transparency, where every bright or shadowy line of emotion showed itself. He was most gentle in all his words and deeds, and when he spoke, his voice had a sweet low thrill, as of habitual sorrow.

I have stated that he was not a man of great talents, but of strong emotions, and the acutest sensibility. All his acquirements were in accordance with this character, being of the lightest and least reflective kind, his books consisting of poetry, romance, and what is called general literature, nearly all the volumes being of that kind furnished with plates. Had he been a man gifted with a powerful intellect, of an ably thinking in place of an acutely feeling mind, he might have brought the strong support of philosophy to bear him up under the pressure of his misery—might have taught himself to disregard, even to resign, the pleasures or comforts of which it deprived him, or to seek for others haply of a far higher kind, in the telescope, in the laboratory, or among the volumes of those who have investigated the intangible field of mind, and reduced thought itself under fixed principles and laws. But his mind was not of this order—it was one framed to feel with the greatest intensity, and to be in the most exquisite degree perceptive of pain or of pleasure, and great and strange pain had been heaped upon it, crushing it to the earth.

A favourite pursuit of his, it could not be called amusement, was walking alone, or in company with Mr. Hermann, or afterwards of myself. His residence afforded great facilities for this, being exceedingly retired, and having a number of sequestered walks hard by.

About a quarter of a mile from our little town a quiet, lonely-looking lane, half a mile in length, branched off from the London-road, leading to an ancient gateway of the manor-house. This gateway was very rarely used, a more imposing approach to the mansion having been formed nearer the town, but a cottager resided at the lodge, who had a small wicket for himself, through which any respectable-looking person had ingress to walk in the extensive parks. About half way up the lane that led to it, which was bordered by trees, in many places completely over-arching it, stood a long low cottage, itself embowered in a separate grove. Nothing could be more secluded, and the apparent gloom was increased by the high walls, covered with spikes or broken glass that surrounded it, by a large black watch-dog that barked hoarsely, and rattled his chain in front, and by the iron stanchions that guarded every loophole. A large garden was enclosed, which was nearly all devoted to the rearing of fruits and scented flowers. The house was in three divisions, completely separate; one, and the largest, was inhabited by Mr. Jaques, and in it were a couple of rooms into which no foot save his own ever entered—from these last strange odours often issued, as of burning. The second division, was inhabited by Mr. Hermann and the girl Rachel, who passed as his daughter, and here were accumulated all luxuries of oriental or western production. The third was allotted to the servants, containing the kitchen, &c.

Mr. Hermann was a foreigner, spoke broken English, and was evidently upwards of seventy years of age. It was through him all business was transacted—all purchases made, and he appeared also to act as a sort of teacher or Mentor both to Mr. Jaques and Rachel, having a sort of habitual authority, which both tacitly obeyed. He had very much the aspect of a foreign Jew, and spoke German well—still, however, with the appearance as if it was not his mother tongue. He had evidently travelled a great deal, though he was taciturn, and indisposed to talk of his past life.

The girl who called herself Rachel, also appeared not to be a native of this country, and spoke the language with a sweetly slight foreign accent, though she knew no other save by book acquirement, with the exception of a few words hard in their sound and full of consonants, which she had for day, night, father, mother, ground, water, and the like objects, and which she said, hovered about her mind, as if she had heard them in a dream. She was a beautiful creature, such as you would likely see once or twice in a stirring lifetime. She was faultless in beauty of form and face, as if Heaven had intended her for a model, to be set up against men's ideals, to prove that nature was still the proper standard of the beautiful. She seemed the child of a race whose natural perfection has never been deteriorated by any of the many causes that tend to misshape the frame—of a race whose limbs have been deformed by no slavish labour, whose skin has never been discoloured by unwholesome food, cosmetics, or day slumber and nocturnal activity, whose blood is uncontaminated with the virus of royal and aristocratic diseases, who for ages, free, healthy, unrefined, have preserved the pristine and natural beauty and symmetry of animal man.

She had no trace of Hebrew origin in her countenance, nor did it, indeed, seem to bespeak her of any race or kindred; she appeared to be of the perfect race from whom all others have branched, taking from circumstances their distinguishing peculiarities. Yet she was not a mere beauty—she was a warm-hearted, gentle-tempered thing, of a disposition to cling for protection and repay it with endearment. She had talents, and taste, natural and, therefore, true, was apt at imitation, and could speedily manufacture for herself any thing light or graceful. Modest she was, humble, innocent, and unsuspecting, anxious to please, and prone to fall in love, ungarded and wholly.

A strange family they did seem, those three, so incongruous in their characters and habits, yet all so sequestered from society.

I had become a frequent inmate of the cottage, and my company was eagerly welcomed by all within it. I had completely acquired the confidence of Mr. Jaques, affording him what he had long pined for—a friend. I had much conversation with him, for he often sought information as to what was passing, and had passed in the world, from which he was otherwise completely shut out. By and bye, I began to walk with him, though from his excessive avoidance of danger I was often put to annoyance—an annoyance, however, which I was careful to conceal. Thus once at a sharp turn we met a gang of gipsies advancing toward us. Immediately he stopped, staggered towards the hedge, and stood still, pale and trembling, for they were too close upon him to allow of his retreat. One of the men as they passed, seeing his trepidation, and desiring to make a bit of fun out of it for his comrades, rushed up near him, leaped into the air, flourished his stick, and brought it down with a loud blow on a box of tinkering tools, at the same time shouting a great oath. Poor Jaques fell against the hedge with his eyes closed, and the muscles of his face twitching as if he were in a fit, while the colour left not only his cheeks but his lips, which quivered now and again. The gipsy laughing loudly went on his way, talking with contempt of the scented lady-face. I flew to the side of Jaques

and took his arm—he started up, looking wildly around, as if he would have taken to his heels.

"Nonsense," said I, "what alarms you?"

"What?" replied he; "a fate worse to me than death could be to you—worse to me and the people from whom I spring, and therefore more dreaded. I am a horrible stigma on my race—I fear not so much for myself."

"I thought you had fainted away."

"No," said he, "I dare not faint—I am cursed, and vast as my curse is, as long as it is known but to myself it is shorn of half its terrors. If I faint I am lost for ever. Death itself offers no refuge for me. I must still live on, and suffer still—a shame, an outcast, a blot on human kind."

"But, my dear Jaques, this absurd fear, which make us both so ridiculous."

"Fear—fear! oh, God of my kindred, how gladly would I submit to torture, to death, in its most dreadful form, were I to be freed by it from this dread burden. How readily would I this moment shatter this poor body like a vessel of clay, were it not for what would come after!"

"Compose yourself, my dear sir. You shall have my arm down to the cottage—I never saw a man in such excitement—how you shake!"

"Is it not a woful fate, my good E—? Not only does this misery grind me down both spirit and body, but entails upon me every evil imputation: cowardice, horrible sins, remorse for great crimes, madness, and from the lower orders unhallowed practices with devils. Bear with me, dear E—; if you know me innocent of the others, do not consider me a slave to fear. I have but two fears—one, of the great curse under which I suffer; the other, of the Being that saw fit to lay it upon me."

"But what has that to do with such nonsense as the gipsy's antics?"

"He might be tempted to strike, or he might do it accidentally, and the blow that might be a trifle to another man, might be my utter ruin. Alas! you cannot understand it. I hold what is dearer than life, but by the strength of a single hair—I cannot even die without the exposure of the everlasting shame of myself and my people, and yet death is ever drawing nearer and nearer, and however guarded it must ultimately be revealed; but then I shall not be alive to know the horror, the shame, the astonishment."

Another time, in conversation, he asked me if I knew of any death which withdrew the body utterly from the earth, so that no atom of it might ever meet the sight of any intelligent creature.

I told him to have the body sunk in the ocean, with weights attached, was the only way I could think of at the time.

"Yes," said he, "but in the progress of decay, the weights might get separated, and the dead body would rise, a blasting testimony to the eyes of frightened mariners."

I directed my mind to the thought for a little, and then related to him the following circumstance:

"I was once visiting an extensive iron-smelting work which had been more than a century in active operation. I may mention to you that all the materials used are poured into the furnaces, which are high circular towers of large dimensions, from the top—there being no other apertures into them, save the two holes where the air is blown in, one to draw off the liquid iron, and one at a higher level to draw off the slag or refuse, which floats above it, being lighter. The materials then, coal, iron ore, and limestone, are hoisted to the top of these furnace-towers, and by men stationed there, precipitated from the trucks into their blazing interiors. Now one of these towers was shown me, into which a man fell along with truck, materials and all. It was nonsense to think of doing any thing, as he must have been fused immediately, for the melting heat of cast iron is equivalent to upwards of 6000 deg. of Fahrenheit's scale, and the temperature in these furnaces is always much higher: so all that could be done was but to send another man to the top to continue the work, with advice to take care of himself."

"And did no vestige of the man remain?" cried he.

"Not two atoms of him continued in vital or chemical combination. The metal buttons of his clothes must have become like water in an instant, and mingled with the liquid iron; the lime of his bones must have gone into the slag, and his flesh passed among the carbon."

"That is the death for me," cried he, with eager enthusiasm, while I staggered back at once in horror at such a sentiment, and wonder to hear it uttered so earnestly by one who would quail at the wind among the trees lest a bough should fall upon him.

"That," he continued, "or a volcano; and I would seek it to-morrow, were it not for the danger to be incurred in seeking it."

And yet this man was really perfectly sane; at least there was nothing the matter with his faculty of judgment. The foregoing may give an idea of the gloomy nature of his conversation, according so well with the despairing expression of his face. Again, he would speak to me in this way:

"Could you imagine a curse upon the soul and upon the body, from almost birth, of a creature who has done nothing to deserve it—a curse which of itself effectually prevents all sin in its victim—save that of blasphemy—which at once stands a monstrous barrier between him and his species, and hangs upon him like a putrifying carcass bound to him wherever he goes—which as a flaming sword waves between him and all the pleasures man usually covets—power, wealth, society, wine, and, oh, my heart! above all, love—deprives him of every good, and, at the same time, contains concentrated in itself every evil, for which there is no remedy, no hope, no alleviation—of which death, the refuge from all other evils, will only increase the horror tenfold. That curse is mine: it was fixed upon me while a child, ere yet I could merit it by any sin; but a mysterious tenet of my ancient people holds, that among them the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children—an hundred fold—yes, an hundred fold."

"It must be indeed a strange and mysterious thing—a dreadful thing, that makes you so different from other men. Why do you appear so fixed against my knowing of it; I might be able to suggest a cure or an alleviation."

"A cure!—an alleviation!—oh, Father!" here he stood still, and threw up his hands to Heaven, while the most agonising expression of pain and despair filled his features.

"At least," said I, sorry that I had so excited him, "the consolations of a friend are welcome under all inflictions, and you know when I speak thus, it is with the best and sincerest intentions."

"I know it, dear E—, I know it; if you have any kindness for me give your unquestioning friendship; it is a solace I with all my soul desire, though Heaven knows I can never repay it save with the regard of a poor helpless, hopeless, despicable being; the blasted and accursed object of Heaven's mysterious wrath. Seek to know nothing of me, but take me as you find me, with my misery, my groans, and my despair. If you seek more, I shall begin to fear you with greater terror than you would fear the grave. Leave me alone to my wretchedness; I must have been created for it, and no other being can partake with me."

On another occasion I remember well he was speaking to me as we sat together in the cottage. Rachel, who was now getting a superb girl, between fifteen and sixteen, but tall and beautifully developed for her age, had just left the room for half an hour's absence, upon some of her own avocations.

"Oh," said he, with bitterness, "if there is one portion of my great misery that tries me more in thought than another, it is this,—that love—love, that passion which is the cause, remote or proximate, of all the joys of life to other men, must be to me for ever a fountain sealed—I can never know what it is to be addressed 'beloved,' or called by the dear name of 'father.' No, I may love, but who shall love me again—I may love, but I must nourish the hopeless feeling in my own bosom, and add it to the heap of woes that is there—I may love, but if my passion's object knew what I really am, she would die of horror and disgust. Look at that bright being. I love her; oh how fondly and how sadly! She is like me, an outcast, and was sent to be a solace to me; but little do they know that sent her, the heart that beats here—I love her, and, I believe, she loves me too, though she is all cheerfulness and joy, I all misery and gloom. Alas! alas! this dear Rachel, that has been my companion, my own child from her infancy—did she but know what a being lives under the roof-tree with her!" Here he bent forward upon the table, and remained silent for a long time.

I used to love much to talk with him about his own religion and people. I found the feeling with which he regarded Christians, had nothing of enmity or any bad sentiment in it, though he often alluded to the wrongs his nation had received from us, who owed them so much, and who moreover, should in honour have treated them, as strangers, at least with kindness, on the principles of hospitality. He merely considered us as good men, but in the wrong, and had an idea that his nation had peculiar claims upon the Almighty beyond all others—that they were the *king nation*, as he said, believing them as far exalted above all other races as princes are above plebeians, having also a birthright over all others. He used to delight to dwell upon the old records of Jewish glory—their struggles, their wars, their defections, punishments, religion, and laws.

As my familiarity at the house went on, I found myself daily more and more welcome, not only to Jaques but to Mr. Hermann, who seemed to have some communication of importance to make to me, but always to procrastinate its delivery; but chiefly to Rachel, who appeared to feel a perfect happiness in my society.

"How is it," said she to me once, "that you laugh and jest, and are always smiling and in good spirits, just like me. I thought that all men were gloomy and sorrowful, like Mr. Hermann and Mr. Jaques. Poor Mr. Jaques! how beautiful a creature he is; but then he is always so unhappy! What a pity he is not like us; I could love him so; for besides his beautiful face he is kind, very kind to me—never says any thing harsh, like Mr. Hermann, nor even reproves my glee, save with his own silent sadness."

"And do you not love him as he is, Rachel?"

"Oh I love him very much, but he is always so repulsive, as if he feared me—as if he had something in his thoughts he dreaded I might discover; and, though he is very kind to me, yet gloomy, despondent kindness is cold, cold!"

By and bye I began to dread that some irresistible passion for this beautiful outcast was about to usurp all my mind, and that my happiness was going to be centred in a creature of whom I knew nothing save that she was very beautiful, and in all things simple as a child. I knew she loved me with her whole heart, and with more than the common devotion of women—for she had no choice of lovers; her feeling for Jaques, much as he loved her, was more of compassion than love, mingled probably with admiration of his good looks, and gratitude for his kindness and attention. But for me alone I was convinced she felt the passion love; I knew it by ten thousand tokens in actions, expressions, eye, and gesture, and, more, I saw that she knew of my knowing it, and felt a fluttering pleasure thereat.

Still I continued as familiar about that cottage almost as a member of the household, nor was it long before what I had dreaded came to pass. I was bound to it as by an irresistible spell, and my whole thoughts, which should have been directed to doing all things in furtherance of my professional connexion, and to fostering into strength my infant practice, were devoted with absorbing anxiety to this fair young creature. I may state that any open connexion with the inhabitants of that cottage was decidedly inimical to that immaculate respectability which is necessary to the rise of a young medical man, for they were retired persons of strange and foreign aspect, apparently following no lawful avocations, nor attended the worship of the church, nor any form of dissent; and in a small community, where every one knows and discusses his neighbour's affairs as much as his own, the familiarity of one person alone among such people, directed attention to him generally and unfavourably. I found this to be the case with me; that I became an object of almost as much remark and suspicion as my strange friends. My practice, limited as it was, fell off daily, and at last my occupation was gone. Moreover, my friends in the town became chary of admitting me to their society, or being seen with me in public. All this was, I am certain, in a great measure owing to my complete silence to all questions, and they were numerous, put to me with regard to my mysterious associates.

But while I had this heavy care weighing upon my mind, I began to be aware of the bitter jealousy of Mr. Jaques, and whilst I felt that I had not played an honourable part in allowing the affections of the girl to become fixed on me, I yet felt it would have been impossible for me to have avoided it by any other steps. Moreover, though I was ignorant of her origin, or the relation in which she stood to either Hermann or Jaques, I yet felt that though both should appear the most mean and dishonourable, even infamous, so deeply and strongly had she, good or bad, fixed herself on my affections, that infamy and public contempt with her would be to me not equivalent to the bliss of her love.—[To be concluded next week.]

MEMOIR OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

(Continued.)

At the same time that Bolivar landed at Barcelona to direct the arms of the republic, the Spaniards, wearied by the inveteracy of the inhabitants, had evacuated Margarita; and General Piar with a well organised force prepared to attack Guayana, while in the Llanos of Apure, Paez had commenced that career of success which was the origin of his rapid elevation. The cause of independence had at length become the cause of the people. The Llaneros who formerly flocked to the bloody banners of Boves and Morales, now ranged themselves with equal enthusiasm under those of Paez. The patriots now occupied the same lines which the royalists did at the commencement of the campaign which preceded the victories of Morales.

After a few efforts at Barcelona, Bolivar came to the resolution of making Guayana, whose capital was now besieged by Piar, the base of extended operations; the line of the Orinooka and Apure extending to the foot of the Cor-

dilleras, connecting it with the left under Paez with the forces of Apure: while Maturin, with the lower part of the province of Cumana, lay upon his right with several strong advanced posts in the savannahs of Caraccas and Barcelona. In spite of much opposition, in pursuance of this plan he transferred part of his force to the new lines, and joined Piar. That chief had led his troops through the lonely forests of the Oronooka, and made the peaceful and flourishing missions of the Coroni resound with the din of war. In the extensive cultivation of the villages he found abundant provisions, and among the simple inhabitants he recruited his ranks. They gladly threw off their allegiance to their Padres, whose throats they generally cut in the first glee of their emancipation,—bone knives and bows and arrows being the primitive arms of the half-trained savages. At this period Morillo, who had completed the reconquest of New Grenada without difficulty, and treated it as a conquered country, vigorously punishing the rebellious, received tidings of this state of affairs in Venezuela very different from that in which he had left it.

He immediately descended from Bogota into the province of Apure, and La Torre, his second in command, found himself opposed to Paez, the Llanero chief. The latter ably sustained his reputation in the first encounter, entirely destroyed the cavalry of La Torre, by incessant attacks, and having set fire to the Llanos, which soon became a vast sea of flame, the Spanish infantry only saved themselves by taking refuge in a marsh.

After this defeat, La Torre descended the Apure and Oronooka with a view of operating against Piar in the Coroni, but sustained a signal defeat from that chief, scarcely escaping with a remnant of his force, and leaving in his hands arms, ammunition, treasure, and baggage. The missions of the Coroni became henceforward the magazine and recruiting depot of the army, and the squadron was sent for to Margarita to command the navigation of the rivers.

Murillo having at this time about 6000 men at his disposal to oppose to Bolivar in Guayana, took nevertheless the resolution to direct his strength against the north-eastern provinces, and especially the island of Margarita, whose obstinacy had excited his anger, and the convenience of whose position for assisting the Republican cause had so often been exercised.

The squadron having arrived in the mouths of the river from that island, and defeated the Spanish boats, La Torre, the royalist general, determined upon evacuating Angostura; a large emigration followed him, and his numbers were increased in descending the river by the garrison of Guayana Vieja. With several of his vessels La Torre escaped to sea; the rest got entangled in the Delta, where they were attacked and destroyed by the republicans;—thus the entire of Guayana remained in the hands of the republicans.

The intrigues of the subordinate generals, each ambitious of establishing a separate independence in the provinces which he had conquered, had hitherto baffled the diplomatic skill of the Liberator, and paralysed his best laid plans. Morino and Piar, each aspiring to such supremacy in Comana and Guayana, at this period openly revolted; but finding themselves but coolly supported by their followers, the last was brought to a court-martial and shot, and the former permitted to escape to Margarita. The decisive conduct confirmed the authority of the Liberator. Angostura was named provisionally the seat of government, and a certain degree of order was established in financial matters. The war, which had hitherto been carried on by several leaders, each affecting independence, and whose successes, however singly important, were rendered nugatory by their want of connexion, was henceforward to be carried on upon a systematic plan, to the arrangement and conduct of which the genius of the Liberator was fully equal. The preparations for the ensuing campaigns were urged forward on both sides. Murillo who had heard of the last successes of the republican arms at Angostura and Guayana Vieja, while occupied in his attack on Margarita, where he encountered the most obstinate resistance, immediately abandoned that undertaking to concentrate his forces about Calabaz. In the Llanos of Caraccas, La Torre had somewhat wiped off the stain of his former defeats; he had encountered Zoraza, whom, with a considerable corps, the Liberator had directed to manoeuvre there, and be ready to join the army with horses and cattle. Zoraza was totally beaten, and the savannahs having taken fire during the engagement, all his military stores which escaped the grasp of the enemy were burnt.

The campaign of 1818 which ensued was by no means productive of any result equal to the number of battles fought or blood shed, the advantage on the whole was in favour of the royalists, although San Fernando D'Apure, the last post which they held in Apure, was taken by Paez. An attempt was made by Bolivar to advance upon Caraccas, but at the close of the year the forces of both had returned to their former places. The Liberator had, however, despatched Santander to Cosonare to organise forces, and ascertain the temper of the people in New Grenada, and this mission was afterwards of the last importance. He also at the end of the year visited Paez in the Llanos of Apure confirmed him in his fidelity, which the intrigues of his officers had somewhat shaken, by conferring upon him the rank of general of division, and left him in the command of the army with large reinforcements.

The royalists commenced the campaign of 1819 by presenting themselves before San Fernando with 6500 men. The Monero chief retreated before him into the vast savannahs of the interior till, finding means to place his infantry and an emigration of 10,000 men, women, and children, who retreated with him, in security, he commenced operations by a sudden attack upon his enemy's advance, while the cavalry were engaged in foraging, caused them much loss, and rapidly retreated upon the arrival of the main body. Hovering about, now upon the enemy's flank, now in his rear, rapidly attacking and as rapidly fleeing, cutting off all stragglers, and driving off the cattle upon which they depended for subsistence, the harassed royalists, with wearied and thinned ranks, were glad to seek shelter in Achaguas, the second town in importance in Apure.

In the mean time Bolivar, having procured the assembly of the Congress at Angostura, rendered to them an account of his conduct, and was re-elected president, with ample powers for carrying on the war. Leaving the Congress to the business of legislation, he again turned to direct the operations of the campaign. A number of English recruits having arrived, and intelligence of more being expected at Margarita, he despatched Rodaneta with directions to make a descent, with whatever troops he could collect at that island, upon the coasts of Caraccas, to distract the enemy, and rejoin Paez with considerable reinforcements.

Paez had maintained the fame of his light horse at the expense of the royalists, who, after experiencing many disasters, had recrossed the Apure. After continuing here a short period, favourable intelligence arrived from Santander, and the Liberator immediately adopted the plan which he had long contemplated of carrying the war into New Grenada.

Leaving Paez to make head against the enemy, he hurried his forces across the Llanos, and by forced marches assembled at Pore at the foot of the Cordilleras, a body of 2500 men. The troops had suffered severe hardships upon the

march, but these had fallen heavily only on the English battalion; to the others wading up to their necks in water, under a tropical sun and a scanty subsistence upon dried beef, was congenial. But the Llanero, hardy in his own plains, looks with horror up to the snow-clad summits of the Andes; their scanty dress is ill calculated for the inclemency of the lofty Paramas. The troops murmured at being conducted, for the uncertain object of liberating another Republic, to certain death in combating in the regions of storm the disciplined forces of Spain: but Bolivar having, by mingled persuasion and threats, procured the consent of his principal officers, the rugged ascent was commenced. When the army arrived at the first village, at the summit of these elevated plains, its situation was miserable,—many of the soldiers had perished of cold, more lay in the hospitals, and all were disheartened from misery and fatigue. The cavalry, upon which the principal reliance was placed, were without a single horse, and all were without ammunition or food. Three days the troops halted upon this spot. The activity of their leader and the alacrity of the inhabitants, in whose cause the expedition had been undertaken, in bringing in provisions, clothes, and horses, had re-established order and discipline. The Fabian system of strategy with which the royalist leader, Borreira, met the invasion, gave it strength:—fresh troops had ascended the Cordilleras, New Grenadans rose on all sides, and enrolled themselves in the Liberator's ranks. One victory in which the British mercenaries, who had so lately suffered in traversing the Llanos, fought with distinguished valour, gave him the possession of Tunja; and the decisive battle of Bozacain, while Borreira's army was entirely routed and himself taken prisoner, opened for him the way to Santa Fe de Bogota. Bolivar entered that capital in triumph for the second time; the viceroy and his court had fled, and the conquest of New Grenada was complete. In seventy-five days from that upon which the Liberator left Montecal, where the plan of the campaign was laid, twenty-six of which were employed in the march to Pores, the republic of New Grenada was re-established, regiments were formed, and already the newly-raised troops of New Grenada were dispatched to reinforce the republican armies in Venezuela.

While the Liberator was occupied in this brilliant campaign, Urdaneta, who had been dispatched to organise an expedition in Margarita, met with much opposition from the jealousy of the chiefs in that island: this was checked for a time by the imprisonment of General Arismendi; and a sufficient number of the English mercenaries having arrived to enable him to dispense with the Margaritans, Urdaneta embarked with 1200 of these, and landing at Barcelona, the Spaniards evacuated that city.

The Spanish-American General, as might have been expected from the ragamuffin material of which such a force would be composed, found the English troops too unruly for his management. With the prospects of pay, pleasure, and plunder, with which they had been lured by their recruiting sergeants from the classic shades of St. Giles's and the Arcadian liberties of Cork, they insisted, *in primis*, upon the sack of every town won by their arms,—the utmost which they ever received was a very insufficient ration, and their clamours were, "Land and money." Many of them considering that they had been inveigled into the service by false promises, upon a proclamation in English, by Murillo, inviting them, endeavoured to desert and make their way to Cumana. Ignorant of the roads and language they were intercepted, and generally died fighting.

The republican historian, in bearing testimony to the honour, good faith, and courage of their officers, ingenuously laments that those who were intrusted with the enlistment of the men, should have "deluded them into the belief that they were to have regular rations or pay, things which the republican troops never expected;" or should have promised what the republic could not afford to give them, a pecuniary gratification upon landing; with equal simplicity he fears, "that other feelings may have allayed their zeal in the cause of abstract right and glory of the republic." Urdaneta's expedition effected but little of consequence in this quarter, although he found employment enough for his soldiers. The same historian observes, "For the rest, these stranger troops so restless and turbulent, conducted themselves in battle with heroic valour worthy of better fortune."

Urdaneta shortly afterwards marched to Maturin, where he was surprised by an order to place himself under the command of Morino, the origin of which proceeding was as follows:

The Congress had nearly completed its labours when a report was spread in Angostura, that Bolivar had been routed in New Grenada, and his army overwhelmed. The friends of Morino and Arismendi took advantage of this and the indecision of the Congress, raised another report that they were about to be attacked by the royalists, and in the confusion got Arismendi released and proclaimed Vice-President, and Morino commander-in-chief of the army of the east. In this situation Bolivar found them upon his arrival at Angostura, and, forgetting the past, sufficiently strong to be generous, there left them for the time.

The Congress of Venezuela immediately fulfilled the long-cherished object of Bolivar by uniting the republics of Venezuela and New Grenada, under the title of Colombia, which was to be divided into three departments,—Venezuela, Quito, Condamamarca, whose capitals were to be Caraccas, Quito, and Santa Fe de Bogota. Bolivar was unanimously named president; while Santander, whose services had been great, and who had procured the unanimous consent of the New Grenadans to the union with Venezuela, was made vice-president of that portion of the republic. Santander had tarnished the reputation which he acquired in New Grenada by putting Borreira and thirty-eight officers who were taken at the battle of Boyaco to death under some frivolous pretext,—an atrocious act which renewed all the horrors of reprisal which had been latterly somewhat mitigated. He, however, assumed his authority, and devoted himself diligently to prosecuting the war.

At the commencement of the next campaign the royalist general had still 12,000 troops in Venezuela; half of these were opposed to Paez, and the rest dispersed among the provinces still under subjection. The operations were confined to skirmishes of guerillas, which however kept the royalist troops from concentrating. Morillo expected reinforcements from Spain; while Bolivar, intently watching the war in New Grenada, contented himself with preventing his opponent from sending succours thither to the royalists.

In New Grenada fortune still further favoured the republican arms; at the commencement of the year Cartagena, Santa Marta, Rio del Hacha, and Panama, alone remained to the royalists. General Mantilla with an expedition, chiefly consisting of Irish recruits, arrived at Rio del Hacha, which was shortly abandoned by its royalist garrison. But Mantilla found the British soldiers still more unruly than those under Urdaneta at Barcelona. They mutinied for similar causes of discontent, and were finally embarked at their own desire for Jamaica,—not, however, before they had plundered and burnt the town. Mantilla, deprived of the assistance of these, but having abundant warlike stores and guns, came to the resolution of invading the province of Carthagena, through

the mouths of the Magdalena river, where he expected to find numerous adherents, and opening a communication with the republican corps who were operating upon the upper portion of that river: in all this he succeeded, and finally laid siege to Cartagena.

In the mean time a revolution in the mother-country, which had resolved upon sending reinforcements to her colonies, produced a change of measures, and Morillo received instructions to treat with the colonies, and endeavour to bring about a reconciliation. The republicans refused to enter upon any terms which had not for their basis the acknowledgment of their independence. A truce, however, was agreed upon. The Liberator and the royalist general had a friendly interview, and the latter, who had long since been anxious to return home, gladly availed himself of an opportunity when he could do so in an interval free from disaster to his arms. Morillo left the country it was said with less glory but more money than he brought into it. At his arrival he found the colony reconquered to the crown by its own unaided loyalty; the people, traditionally attached to the father-land, had become enthusiastically so by the success of their cause. At his departure he left republican forces not only equal but superior to his own; province after province had been wrested from him; he had estranged the entire population from their long-cherished feelings for Spain, and his cause had become hopeless. Nevertheless, he was rewarded with the honours of a victor.

The armistice, which had procured for Morillo the opportunity of a graceful retirement from the scene of his disasters, was of considerable advantage to the republican arms. Their strength had been admitted. They had been, for the first time, treated with upon equal terms. The timid now came forward; the vacillations were decided; the lukewarm confirmed. The royalist guerrillas almost universally came over to the cause of the republic. Early in the next year, and before the termination of the armistice, Maracaybo, which had hitherto adhered to the cause of Spain, rose and admitted a republican garrison. La Torre, whom Morillo had left in command, protested against the infraction of the armistice, and claimed that the place should be restored. The Liberator replied by various ingenious sophisms, till he found it convenient to renew the war.

Early in the ensuing year was fought the battle of Carabobo, where the British mercenaries by the obstinacy with which they maintained their ground, among falling friends and overwhelming foes, converted a disastrous commencement into a brilliant victory, and decided at once the fate of the campaign and of the war. One battalion alone, repelling the incessant attacks of the *Llanero* horse, retreated in squares steadily from the scene of slaughter; the rest were routed and overwhelmed, and the scattered remnant of the beaten Spaniards assembled under La Torre at Puerto Cabello. The forces lately manoeuvring in the provinces of Caracas and Barcelona, retreated to La Guayra, and failing in their attempt in embarking there for the same destination were entangled in a march along the impracticable Sierras of the coast, and forced to capitulate,—and no body of troops remained sufficiently large to make head against the republican arms. Venezuela was divided into three military districts under Morino, Paez, and Bermudez; to the last Cumana capitulated; and at the end of the year Puerto Cabello, the province of Coro, and a few straggling parties of guerrillas, held out alone for Spain.

In New Grenada, Cartagena had capitulated to Mantilla, who had obliged the humbled Spaniards to lower their standards, and for the first time to salute the Colombian flag; and the isthmus of Panama had declared for the republic.

In Quito, Sucre had sustained a defeat; but in the interval of rest which an armistice procured him, he was maturing plans which, during the next campaigns, among those lofty plains, frowned over by the eternal snows and inextinguished fires of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi, not only retrieved this misfortune by a complete defeat of his adversary, and the capitulation of Quito, but led him upon a career of victory, where he acquired a reputation second only to that of Bolivar. Quito immediately joined the Colombian republic, and Guayaquil followed her example.

The Congress assembled this year at Cucuta. Bolivar surrendered his authority into their hands, and Santander that of Vice-President of New Grenada. The Congress, however, declared that both, together with Morino and Santitte, the Vice-Presidents of Venezuela and Quito, should continue to execute their functions; and Bogota was declared provisional capital of the republic.

Early in 1822 the lingering resistance of the royalists received a fresh impulse from the summons of Morales to Puerto Cabello to take over the command and Captaincy-General from La Torre, who had been appointed to a similar command in the Island of Porto Rico. Morales had now attained the summit of his ambition, where he was resolved to struggle hard to maintain himself to the last. With much energy he planned and executed an attack upon Maracaybo and the castles at the entrance of the lake, of which he made himself master, and despatched succours to the royalists of Coro, where the war was again renewed. The lake of Maracaybo became the scene of numerous bloody encounters between the mosquito fleets of the rival parties, and the resistance of Morales was protracted to the end of the next year. At length, having exhausted all his resources, he was compelled to capitulate, and sailed for Cuba. Shortly afterwards, Paez having surprised and taken by assault some of the principal batteries of Puerto Cabello, that place also, the last that remained to Spain, surrendered.

These are the principal events of the war of independence of Colombia, commenced in Venezuela in 1810, and concluded finally in 1823. But the Colombian republic, now an independent state, and about to be acknowledged as such by England and the United States, had in the meantime sent her troops across the gigantic barrier of the Andes, and Bolivar, in the seat of the ancient empire of the Incas, was preparing for the cause of independence a success as brilliant as his genius had already secured to his native provinces and to those of his adoption, New Grenada.

The revolution in that country was commenced in 1819 by General San Martin, whom Chile, having achieved her own freedom, sent with a body of troops to raise the standard of independence in Peru. That General found the Viceroy, with an army of twelve thousand well-appointed troops. He at first met with considerable success, but his reverses were severe; and though, at his entreaty, an auxiliary force had been sent to his assistance from Colombia, at the period of Sucre's arrival, and of that of Bolivar subsequently, the cause of independence seemed almost hopeless.

Bolivar, invested with the dictatorship, had at his disposal six thousand Colombian and four thousand Peruvian troops, whom the dissensions in the camp of the royalists gave him time to equip in the best possible manner. Emerging from the frightful defiles of the Cordilleras, a brilliant victory over the royalist cavalry, in which the Viceroy principally trusted, gave him possession of Lima,

whose garrison retired to Callao. The battle of Ayacucho, in which the Viceroy was completely routed by Sucre, and compelled to surrender with the remains of his army, determined the fate of the war. The whole of Upper Peru being also reduced, the victorious chief forwarded to the Congress of Colombia the trophies of the campaign,—the Royal Standard of Castile, which Pizarro three hundred years before had planted in these remote lands, and the pennons, which were the insignia of the vassalage to the Spanish crown.

Shortly afterwards, Cuzco surrendered at Sucre's advance, and Callao alone remained; where General Rodil, protesting against the capitulation of the Viceroy, resolved to hold out to the last, with a garrison of two thousand one hundred men. At length all hope of relief having vanished, he accepted honourable terms, and four hundred cadaverous beings, the remnant of his gallant but unfortunate garrison, were embarked with their General for Spain.

Honours and rewards were lavished by the Peruvian Congress upon the auxiliaries, who had achieved so rapid and brilliant a success; and the Colombian Congress, equally enthusiastic, decreed to Bolivar the honours of a triumph, to Sucre a sword of gold, and to the army a shield. The Liberator's glory and popularity were now at their zenith. The expedition into Peru—his own peculiar project, which many had conceived hazardous, more Quixotic—had been justified by complete success. His will was everywhere law. Already had he projected the junction of the three republics of Peru, Bolivia, and Colombia, under one government, of which he was to be president for life. But to hold together such discordant materials, and rule so diversified a population, amid the turbulent spirits which the civil war had raised, each seeking his own elevation, reckless of consequences, was beyond even the master mind of Bolivar. The reaction was speediest where the enthusiasm had been most frantic. Peru and Bolivia were the first to raise against his government: in Colombia his enemies were gaining strength. The affairs of that country had gone into confusion during the absence of the Liberator in Peru. It was on the point of a second revolution; and although he had been enabled to restore order on his return, his popularity soon began to decrease. He had loudly protested against the process of absorption which the public moneys, raised by borrowing, had undergone in passing through the hands of the public functionaries, and the speculators were numerous. He was loudly accused of ambitious designs,—of aiming at absolute, or even royal power. In spite of his repeatedly resigning the presidency, his acceptance and exercise in the end of more dictatorial powers, and the intrigues of imprudent friends, filled the minds of even the more moderate with mistrust, and the unwieldy republic fell to pieces in 1830. Bolivar again resigned the presidency, with the intention of abandoning the country for ever; but changing his resolution, he was again about to form fresh combinations, when death put an end to his career, before the world could learn of what further efforts his brilliant genius was capable.

Twenty years have elapsed since the termination of the war of extermination (*guerra a muerte*) in the surrender of Puerto Cabello. It has been computed that in the course of that struggle two hundred and eighty-six thousand Venezuelans perished by the sword or its consequences, by the earthquakes and pestilence. Since that period the country has been undisturbed by war. The separation of Venezuela from the triple republic has been effected peacefully, each government dividing equitably the burthen of the national debt; and the conspiracy of the reformists in 1835, and the *cmente* of Forlar, having been put down with comparatively little bloodshed, the population by the natural laws of increase, as well as by immigration, has not only recovered the losses of the civil war, but increased from eight hundred thousand, which it was before the war, to above a million. Habits of peaceful industry have succeeded those of license and rapine. Many turbulent spirits, who might have disturbed the republic, have disappeared from the stage of life; and, for some time, at least, the republic, however impoverished, has shown more stability than the other Spanish South American States.

The present Government of Venezuela differs most essentially from that of the old Captaincy-General in this, that all power, legislative, executive and judicial, emanates from the people, while in the latter everything proceeded from the crown.

Parochial assemblies in each canton elect members of the electoral colleges, who must all be men of a certain income. The electoral colleges name the President, Vice-President, and the senators and representatives of the provinces, and the members of the provincial deputation, the two first subject to the revision of the Chamber of the Senate, but the others definitively.

The legislative power is the National Congress, which assembles yearly, composed of the two Chambers of Senators and Representatives; their functions last four years, half of each being renewed every two years, with the power of being re-elected. The Congress scrutinises and confirms the election of the President and Vice. The Chamber of Representatives sees into accusations against these two functionaries, against the members of the Council of State, and those of the Supreme Court, and the Senate affirms their judgment. The Chamber of Representatives examines the accounts of revenue and expenditure presented annually by the Executive. Laws and decrees have their origin in this Chamber, on the proposition of the members, except those relative to the imposition of taxes, which must proceed from that of the Representatives. After having been three times discussed in either Chamber, the proposed law is passed up to the Executive, by whom it is affirmed or rejected; in the first case it becomes law, in the second it is returned to the Chamber in which it originated for consideration. If two-thirds of the members of that Chamber present do not consider the objections of the Executive well-founded, the project, with the objections, is referred to the other Chamber. If two-thirds of the second Chamber concur with the other, that the objections are unfounded, the project is returned to the Executive to become law. Lastly, if the project is not returned by the Executive in ten days, with the objection, it becomes law.

The executive power is in the hands of the President, whose authority lasts four years, and who cannot be re-elected without an interval of four years. The President selects three Secretaries, one for the interior and justice, one for naval and military affairs, and the other for financial and foreign affairs. In cases of difficulty the President consults a Council, composed of the Vice-President, a Minister of the Supreme Court of Justice, selected by itself, and four Counsellors named by the Congress, and of the three Secretaries of State. It is for the President to preserve the peace and security of the republic, to cause the laws to be executed, and to direct the arms of the state; but to command them in person, or to call out the militia, or declare war in the name of the republic, requires the consent of Congress.

The judicial power of the republic resides in a Supreme Court of Justice, consisting of five judges.

Venezuela is divided into thirteen provinces, these into eighty-eight cantons;

and these into five hundred and twenty-three parishes; each of the latter have two Alcaldes elected yearly, who are also Juezes de Paz; these are placed under the Political Chief of the canton, who is under the Governor of the province, and presides in the municipal councils held in the chief towns of canton: these latter bodies regulate the financial affairs of the several cantons. It is for the Gefe Politico to examine the public chest in his canton, and for the Governor, that of his province.

While her fate was yet uncertain, and immediately after recovering her independence, already in the midst of financial embarrassment, several large foreign debts were contracted under various pretences of keeping up armies and navies. These purposes were forgotten, and in the general confusion, the property of the public found its way into the pockets of her purest patriots.

Her recent prowess in having achieved not only her own, but the independence of republics, each of them more than double her own scanty population and wealth, had produced a delirium in the minds of the Venezuelans, which led them very much to over-rate her necessities and her resources.

Venezuela has since learned to know her own strength, or rather weakness, that she has no funds for expensive establishments, and that her patriotic servants require surveillance. She has found that fortresses, impotent against a foreign enemy, can be readily seized by an internal faction, and made the means of a prolonged resistance to her government; the greater number of the latter, therefore, have been dismantled, and her army and navy reduced to the lowest ebb. She trusts for her defence to her militia, consisting of six thousand active, and sixty-six thousand in reserve; and in case of foreign invasion, to her patriotism, her poverty, her rugged mountains, her impervious sierras, her amphibious llanos, her tropical fevers, and eternal forests, for the confusion of her enemies.

"TALK OF THE DEVIL—!"

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

This notorious maxim, the half whereof is as expressive and intelligible as the whole, has, time out of mind, taken upon itself to assert that its hero will appear whenever he is talked about; in order words, that if men will rashly admit him into their mouths he will infallibly start up before their eyes. In the drama of life, the stage direction "Enter the Devil," is sure to be followed by an exclamation from all the characters, "Your worship was the last man in our mouths."

Nothing is more false; not the hero of the maxim himself. Nay more, nothing is more contrary to the fact, as it is made familiar to every one of us, by daily reputation, in ordinary life. Thus, it is not only false, but we know it to be so. To say that the Unmentionable appears when he is mentioned, is to figure as the pet son of that Father of Lies. And yet we go on, not merely handing down the falsehood as a fact, but applying its philosophy to all conceivable occurrences as fast as they arise.

We are talking of Jim and Jim knocks at the door. We were just thinking of his grandmother, and she goes by at that moment in an omnibus. We are speaking of thunder, and a clap shakes the house! Talk of the devil!

Jack comes up to us in Piccadilly, just as we are celebrating his rare merits—talk of the devil! but we have puffed him thereabouts to the very clouds, scores of times, when Jack has been at Mile-end or Morocco. Tom bolts into the room at the very instant we were abusing him—talk of the devil! but we have torn his character to ribands behind his back, and left him without a rag of respectability on a hundred occasions, when Tom's hand was never near the handle of the door. Enough that it happens once. The man is "always tying that shoe."

A father and mother mourned their only child. The boy died in his early spring; after the partial development of a character that raised unbounded hopes. His nature was noble and brave, but more than all, it was wonderfully sweet and loving. He was killed—perishing by a painful, though not lingering death. The father and mother mourned their lost son. It seemed as though parents had never mourned as they did, as though none had ever lost what they had. Months after, when without anguish they could bear to see the image in a dream, and without violent agitation try to trace his soft but golden lineaments in the shadows of the evening sky, they communed in silent feeling, and felt that there was strength enough now in each other's eyes to look, if but for a blessed peaceful moment, upon the painted features of their boy—the portrait of his ripening youth, at which since the all-darkening moment, they had not dared to glance.

To a drawer, at which they had never looked but with tear-blinded eyes—which for months they had never passed without a sentiment of awe and extreme tenderness, and hearts beating more quickly—they now repaired together. They opened it with trembling, fond, and reverential hands, as if it were a sacred vessel. They felt as though it guarded some gift from God; as though something of their son was yet living mysteriously there. They opened it—and looked with eyes all love. It was a blank—empty. They drew it quite out, and searched. The treasure was not there. No word of terror, of wonder, was uttered: a low, faint murmur was barely audible; it was not a cry. They looked for an instant into each other's faces, and at the empty drawer. Then they opened the next; it was not there, and others; several in rapid succession; it was not there. No one had seen it, no one knew any thing of it, no one had taken it. Then they looked again into each other's faces; and each, for the sake of the other, as though there were hope and comfort, turned to search once more among stores already ransacked, and in places where it was impossible for the missing object to be. The loss was bewildering, distracting. The relic was not there, it was not in any of them. They knew it was not; but they still looked, and looked, until all was utterly dark.

All consciousness of the mystery of this loss, all busy aching wonder, was absorbed in the sense of the loss itself. Surprise at once ceased—sorrow had no room for any other feeling. Their looks no longer asked how the holy relic had gone, but said only by their hollow gaze, that it was gone! Neither knew till now, how much of hope the heart had secretly drawn from the possession of this living resemblance of the being prematurely cut off. The bitterness of the disappointment, the dreary, hopeless blank, was in proportion. Nor is it easy, perhaps, for any one, who has not suffered to that sharp excess, to understand the inestimable value of such a memento. It was a dreadful moment, when they became aware, how, months since they had insensibly cherished the thought of having it under their pillow as they slept; and they knew now how

doubly melancholy must be their sleep. They felt that the last stubborn heart-string had snapped.

But they never spoke of the loss after that wretched and desolate night. Each felt the shock, the drying up of the hidden source of comfort to which the heart had turned; but they could as soon have talked about the lost one himself. Thus, in continual communion of feeling, but never murmuring a word upon the one unforbidden subject, they lived on and on. In time they lived serenely, and learned to dry their eyes, even when alone.

They could at last feel interest and pleasure in the changing seasons, and could look with animation and the desire to participate, upon the active and healthy pursuits of life. When the summer-days were longest, those days were still not wearisome; and the winter-evening was often made luxurious by the charm of friendly visits. If not, the silent fire-side had its busy duties and its calm pleasures. So they lived; tranquil, trusting, grateful—true to each other always, and to Him who kept them so.

But ever in the midst of all this, and throughout every season and condition of life, whenever their eyes might wander, whatever their thoughts might mingle with, active or meditative, in society or in solitude, the one fresh, subtle, conscious feeling, held undiminished empire over both hearts. There, amidst all, was the undying recollection; there in every change was the settled grief that had grown to be sweeter and dearer than happiness. At distant intervals of time, perhaps, a name, or some bygone event, would raise a fonder remembrance, accompanied by a few tender words, respecting their matchless boy, and then they would again be composed. The thought of him seemed to "let down the golden chain from high," and draw them towards him and heaven.

But of the lost portrait they never spoke. Whether it was that some undefined but superstitious apprehension mingled with their feelings of regret; whether it was reluctance to pain each other by a useless recurrence to a loss so irreparable, or to a circumstance so mysterious; but their lips never once opened upon that sad, strange, and frequently intruding subject.

Several years had passed, ten or eleven, and each succeeding one glided more smoothly away, obliterating not a line of the deep and dear recollection, but making each clearer and more enduring. When one morning as they sat together, the father and mother, conversing upon common careless things, the usual household topics; which every object in its ordinary place around them, and no novel sight or sound to startle the mind out of its track, or disturb the habits of long years; suddenly, instantaneously there was a movement in the father's brain, a quickened beating of the heart, and a sense of the necessity of giving utterance to a thought which had never found voice or expression before. It would not be controlled, and in a moment it broke the spell of years of silence, and escaped in words.

Taking his companion's hand, he said, abruptly, with a strange and somewhat wild air, in tones too that were strange:

"My beloved, how mysterious was the disappearance of that picture which has cost us both so many speechless pangs, so many fond and vain regrets! Reading each other's inmost thoughts, thus have we both reflected through long years, you and I—and what prompts me now to put the thought in words, I cannot tell!"

He said this like a child: he did not know why he spoke: he could not help it.

The mother raised his hand devoutly to her lips. Affected and surprised by his words, she sought fearfully in his countenance for some sign that his spirit was unusually troubled. But his brow was calm.

"The thought," she said, affectionately, "would have been less supportable if we had not felt and known how continually it was shared. Silence lulled it. It was hushed and well borne. But to hear it mentioned now at a far distant day, to find its existence certified by speech, and speech of yours, startles me as with the idea of something new; instead of the old, familiar, and not painful inmate of my spirit. What can have so moved you to-day to break the quiet compact with our souls so long since ratified?"

But this, as before, he was unable to tell. An impulse momentarily stirred in him, and in the glow and flutter of it he had spoken. They then, for the first time since the event, conversed upon the subject of their mysterious loss, giving expression to all their feelings, and their conviction that they had not displaced the portrait themselves; comparing their sentiments respecting the inmates of the house at the time, the uninjured state of the drawer, which had been found locked, and all the strange, confounding circumstances of the case. All this, discussed in placid conversation, as it had been in thought a thousand and a thousand times before, they both agreed that their useless wonder was now to express itself in words for the last time; and that with wonder, regret and anguish were also to be banished. They possessed a truer image of the lost one than art could render, and they blessed God.

An hour after, that father sat down in perfect composure to his writing desk. It was an old friend, and had seen brighter days. At the side of it was a drawer of some depth, which he frequently opened to take out a particular seal that he required; but it opened easily only a little way, just sufficient to admit the hand. This, however, was enough, and as it had stuck fast apparently with age, no effort had ever been made to draw it out. But it so happened on this occasion that the seal had fallen, as it had never done before, into a cavity at the back of the desk, and it was now necessary to pull the drawer further out. In working it backward and forward to effect this, a short, black ribbon presently became visible, and then more of it; and, now, the drawer being by a stronger effort forced completely out—

Powers of wonder!—of delight and awe! what words shall give expression to the instantaneous and irresistible force with which ye seized upon the awakened and ravished soul of the gazer! The picture was there!—the lost treasure was found!

That very drawer he had opened times out of number; his hand had been within it almost daily for years; yes, close to the now-recovered prize! the tangled ribbon of which set fast between the drawer's edge and the desk, at once prevented a further opening, and held the miniature at the back. How flashed now upon the father's recollection that he had taken it, eleven years before, in his wretchedness and agony, from the old cabinet to his own desk, and thrust it hastily into that drawer, as some intruder came to witness the tears that were streaming over it. How wonderful was all this!

Where now was the mother's composure, when, entering she beheld her husband's delighted, yet misbelieving looks! When she thought how often the light was actually penetrating the drawer, while its precious contents were still buried in darkness! When she remembered how very near the blind hand had been to it hundreds of times! When she recollected above all, that this loss, which two hearts had so lamented, had never been the subject of one whisper between them for eleven years, until that very morn—just an hour before!

The allusion to it, so sudden, strange, and final; the discovery so unexpected and momentary!

But how was all this forgotten by both, as they gazed together on the unfaded and expressive colours before them, picturing features almost as radiant and noble as the angel-face, which, with the gifted eyes of faith, they never failed to see, when they searched the heavens for it.

THE GATES OF DEATH.

A REVELATION OF THE HORRORS OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

BY DAYLE ST. JOHN.

[The following was the story told me by a veteran when I last visited the Hospital of Invalids at Paris:—]

Before I was reduced to my present helpless state I was a common soldier, exercising even then no more influence on the affairs of my country than could be expected from the strength of a single pair of arms, and the courage that burned in the breast of one among a multitude directed towards the same end. I was thirty-five years of age when I shouldered my musket, and left Paris to join the fatal expedition against Russia in 1812. I endured, in common with the rest of the army, the extreme privations of the march; and shared in the sadness and discouragement which prevailed when, after crossing the Niemen, we plunged into the sombre forests beyond, and began to traverse a country where we were without a friend, and what was equally unfortunate, without an enemy. I shared in the eagerness of the army for a battle; and its sorrow, when our hopes were day by day disappointed. At length, when the time did arrive (7th September), it had been so long deferred that it was with some difficulty the Emperor's proclamation roused in our breasts the martial ardour which had become necessary to support our jaded bodies during the fatigues of a conflict. The first burst of artillery, however, and the smell of powder, effectually roused me. Austerlitz, Friedland, Jena, with their glorious recollections, burst upon my fancy; and placing victory before me as the goal, I swept down, with my regiment, the 106th, to the attack of the village of Borodino, against which we were pushed forward from the left of the *grande armée*, under Prince Eugène. The sun, which had risen behind the Russian lines, and glistened on the hundred thousand bayonets that bristled on the crest of the vast semicircle of heights they occupied, was soon obscured by the sulphurous vapours which, gushing from the mouths of great gun, culverin, and musket, soon dispersed in the air, and hung suspended over our heads. Each soldier's observation was now limited to what occurred within a few yards of him. We fought, bled, died, unmarked amidst the obscurity and uproar. But the object was gained. The enemy was expelled from the village at the point of the bayonet; and, had the orders we received been obeyed, the miseries I afterwards endured might never have befallen me. Instead, however, of breaking down the bridge, as had been commanded, and waiting the result of Poniatowsky's operations on the right, we pushed across the Kalougha, and began driving the enemy along the high-road towards Gorcka. I was advancing with my company obliquely up the steepest portion of the height, a little to the right of the road, under a tremendous fire from a whole series of batteries and fortified redoubts, when I was struck in several places, and fell.

The various fortunes of the army in general, and of the division to which I was attached in particular, from morning until evening, I shall not relate. I know nothing of them from personal experience. All I can remember is, that I did not remain perfectly insensible during the contest. I seemed, indeed, in a kind of horrible slumber, in which, when most unaware of what was passing around me, my diseased imagination supplied the place of sense, and called up before me visions of my past life, recollections of my past sufferings, mingled with vivid pictures of past enjoyments. I was occasionally roused, however, to an imperfect enjoyment of consciousness, in which disturbed images of surrounding objects found their way to my brain. A confused and irregular uproar, which seemed to announce the destruction of Nature's fabric, swept through the portals of sense; it was at times a perfect hurricane of sound, which, effacing every other impression on my mind, threw me into a state of bewilderment and semi insensibility which it is impossible to describe.

Such being my position, it was, of course, impossible for me to have any notion of the flight of time. I can well remember, however, the delicious sensations preceding my restoration to consciousness and misery. They were caused by a shower of rain, which fell towards the evening, and seemed to be a vain effort of Nature to wash away the blood that had been spilt that day. This refreshing boon from the clouds restored me to my senses. A complete silence had succeeded the horrible clamour of the battle. I was lying on my back on a heap of dead bodies, with my face turned from Gorcka, so that without moving I could behold the position which the French army had occupied in the morning; and the village of Borodino at my feet, through which the Kalougha ran in a northerly direction, to join at no great distance the muddy waters of the Moskwa. The irregular ground was strewn with bodies, helmets, muskets, standards stained with blood, drums, broken gun carriages; and cut up by the hoofs of innumerable horses. Whether the gathering obscurity deceived me, or that this part of the field was in reality deserted, I could discern no sign of life. All was cold and comfortless. A vast sombre forest seemed to encircle the horizon, and to have swallowed up whatever had been spared during the struggle which had lately taken place. The sky was charged with clouds, evidently attracted by the vapours which had arisen from the battle-field, and now shedding upon it a fine penetrating rain. I scarcely doubted that my friends had gained the victory, and, feeling no pain in any part of my body, flattered myself that if I was not soon able to rise and join them, I should, at least, be discovered next morning, and sent back to the vast convent of Kolot-skoi, two days' march from thence, where an hospital had been established.

When I look back upon my own conduct at this distance of time, I cannot help being astonished at the *sang froid* with which I regarded my position, and the confidence with which I looked forward to the future. Yet this may find credence with many. Few, however, will believe that up to that moment I was totally unaware that I had been rendered a cripple for life, both my legs having been shattered, and almost torn from my body by a cannon-ball. I was also wounded in several places about my breast and my head; a musket-bullet had ploughed a furrow in my forehead, and a bayonet had laid open my side. In this state was I foolish enough to feel certain of life. When, however, by raising myself on my elbow, I discovered, both by examination, and the pain which the exertion caused to shoot through my whole frame, what immense injuries I had received, a sudden revulsion of feeling took place. With the same rashness that had caused me to indulge in unqualified hope, I flew to the other extremity of despair, and felt about for some weapon with which I might terminate my sufferings. But the weakness of my body, caused by loss of blood, baffled me; and after a short interval I began to consider, with some degree of calmness, my chances of preservation. The result I arrived at was not very

encouraging. I saw all the difficulties and dangers which surrounded me; but, guided by the primitive instincts of nature, resolved to do everything in my power to prolong my existence.

Night had now descended upon the earth; and I could see on the heights around me northward along the Moskwa, and far to the south, towards Sem-enowska, the wood of Ulitza, and the old road to Moscow, the bivouac fires of the French army, as one by one they were lighted. Though many and bright, they had not sufficient strength to dissipate the general darkness, so that they seemed isolated, and at first without order. My eye, however, had begun to trace fanciful resemblances, when, strange to say, I fell into a sleep, from which I did not awake until day dawned.

The cold rain was again falling from a huge irregular mass of clouds which a violent north wind was driving across the country. As far as the eye could reach the broken ground was covered, as I have said, with the *débris* of the battle—dismounted cannon, burned houses, arms, dead bodies, and wounded men, some endeavouring to rise, others dragging themselves towards the rear of the army, others sitting gazing stupidly around them, others murmuring the names of their country or their mother, others silent and resigned, waiting with rigid indifference the appointed hour. Russians and French were indiscriminately mingled, neither taking notice of the other. The former, I observed, bore their sufferings with a kind of dogged, uniform, uncomplaining sullenness, whilst the French exhibited every various shade between absolute despair and a resignation bordering sometimes upon heroism.

As morning advanced, bands of marauders began to scour the field, composed principally of that dangerous rabble which follows generally the skirts of an army. I was too happy to escape the notice of these by feigning to be a corpse; but when, at length, a few parties began to make their appearance, evidently on the search for the wounded of whose recovery hopes might be entertained, I did all in my power to attract their attention. In so slovenly a manner did they perform their duty, however, that they never approached the place where I lay in an agony of suspense, which continued whilst there was yet hope, and was then followed by a long-continued swoon.

When I recovered the evening of the second night was coming on. The only sounds I heard were the faint notes of a distant military band, which seemed to be fast retiring along the road to Moscow. Presently it died away, and I felt that I was left alone on the battlefield, with no companion but the dead. It is impossible to paint my feelings at that moment. With a stern effort of the will overcoming my weakness, I sat up, and tearing off pieces from the dresses of my companions, bound up my wounds, most of which were already staunching, whilst others bled but feebly.

I now discovered to what a state I was reduced. The immense quantity of blood I had lost, and my long abstinence from food, had nearly deprived me of all strength. Fortunately the rain, which, as I have said, had fallen, had left a pool close at hand. Out of this, with a shako, I was enabled to reach some water, which I drank greedily. The effect was instantaneous. My vigorous constitution required only this stimulant. I next felt hunger, and contrived to search my haversack for food. It contained, however, only two biscuits. Half of one of these was as much as I could eat at that time. The remainder I resolved to preserve most carefully. I now observed at no great distance a horseman's cloak, which I soon appropriated, as the cold began to be extreme. I had scarcely wrapt myself in it, and determined to pass the night with no other protection, when a flash of lightning, and a loud thunder-clap told me a storm was at hand. Unwilling to be again drenched to the skin, I looked about for a place of shelter, and soon discovered a most extraordinary one. This was the stomach of a horse, which had been ploughed open by a cannon ball. However disgusting such a retreat might have been thought by me on a different occasion, I now felt thankful for having found it. The cold was every moment increasing; and it was evident by the whole aspect of the heavens that a terrific tempest was impending. Supporting myself with one hand, therefore, my lower limbs being utterly deprived of the power of motion, with the other I cleared away as much as I could of the intestines, and regardless of what at a different time would have inspired the most invincible repugnance, contrived at last to get under cover. Before I had done so, the first heavy drops of the shower warned me that my precaution was needed; for presently the sky seemed to open, and let fall an entire flood upon the country, whilst the lightning with incessant flashes seemed to ignite the heavens, and threaten the earth, and the thunder roared like a long-delayed echo of the battle from side to side of the horizon, tearing open the panting flanks of the clouds, and prolonging its angry howlings until my very heart sank within me for terror, and I wished that the ground would open to swallow and save me from its fury. How it was possible for me to sleep in the midst of this horrible uproar I cannot tell. But when the elements had raged harmlessly over my head for upwards of an hour, I became more tranquil, I imagine, and yielded to fatigue. The dreams that now crowded to my brain were such as I had never experienced before. Sometimes whole showers of flowers seemed pouring down around me; sometimes, transported back in thought to a state of infancy, I fancied myself rocked in a cradle, amidst the most fragrant perfumes; sometimes I was walking in the greenest fields; sometimes floating gently through the air, upborne by invisible hands. I was awakened by sounds which might at first have been thought to proceed from a pack of hounds in full cry; but it soon became evident that they rose from a troop of wolves descending, now that the storm was over, from the mountains, to feast upon the dead. Shrieking backward into my loathsome habitation, I endeavoured to close the aperture by which I had entered. In vain, however; and presently more than fifty ferocious wolves, if I might judge by the sounds, swept by me, as if taking a survey of the extent of their acquisition before they enjoyed it. One of them in his bounds alighted for a moment on the carcass which concealed me, and I judged his prodigious strength from the weightiness of his step. But there was no pause; and presently their howls died away in the distance. As soon as they were gone, so exhausted had I become that I fell asleep, and, being undisturbed during the rest of the night, did not awake until morning was far advanced.

Every day fresh causes of solicitude seemed to start into being around me, and I began to entertain the most discouraging thoughts. The most alarming circumstance, and that, accordingly, which most busily employed my thoughts, was the increasing stench arising from the vast amount of animal matter decomposing and putrifying on every side. The very air, at length, seemed to thicken and grow heavy, and to press, with a smothering weight, upon the lungs. The act of breathing was performed with disgust, as if it assimilated with the system particles in which lay concealed the seeds of corruption and dissolution. A cold blue vapour, ten times more intense and noxious than the fetid exhalations of the church-yard, clung to the earth as far as the eye could reach, thus rendering the dangers that linger over a battle-field palpable to more senses than one. Around me on every side were sights too hideous to describe.

Death had at length exerted its entire influence over every corpse. It seemed almost impossible to believe that life had ever inhabited those repulsive forms.

The stupifying effect of the malaria, instead of striking me dead instantly, as might have been the case with a feeble constitution, approached me gradually, inducing a sort of drowsiness in the head, and a general lassitude, with which exertion of any kind was almost incompatible. Finding myself in this state one day, I lacked the energy to go forth in search of provisions, and remained in the fetid carcass, which now seemed to threaten to be my coffin, sinking gradually to so low a pitch of weakness that recovery might have proved hopeless. Fortunately, however, an ungovernable hunger took possession of me. Reduced to live in some respects like wild beasts, I did not now scorn to imitate them in others; but resorting to an expedient at which my very gorge now rises, I tore with my teeth morsels from the side of the dead horse which sheltered me, and ravenously devoured them. A violent fit of sickness was the consequence, which seemed to restore motion to my blood, to relieve my brain from the heaviness which had weighed upon it, and allow me to look the horrors of my position in the face. I now perceived the necessity of immediately abandoning at all hazards my loathsome retreat. Crawling forth, accordingly, I slung a musket on my back, stuck my two pistols in my belt, which supported also a sword, and putting a pound or two of cartridges in my haversack, proceeded to drag myself along, taking the direction of the heights of Gorka, and endeavouring as much as possible to avoid the dead bodies. The journey was toilsome. Never since I was first wounded had I attempted anything so difficult. What with my general weakness, and the want of food, I was obliged to halt more than ten times in traversing two or three hundred yards. I at length reached a place where the heaps of corpses seemed to cease, and was congratulating myself, when I beheld several right in front of me. I would have turned aside to avoid them, had not an unusual sight presented itself. This was the body of a woman. All the other victims of war I had shunned as masses of corruption. This kindled in my bosom feelings which had long been extinct. The desire of self-preservation was replaced for a while by the feeling of pity, and I directed my course towards the body which had attracted my attention. She lay with her arms tightly clasped round the neck of a young soldier, and her face buried in the long hair which adorned his head, and mingled with her own. Curious to know whether I could remember her face among the followers of the army, I endeavoured to disengage her hands. For some time I was unable, so firmly were they knit together; but I at length succeeded in turning the face towards me. It was that of a young woman, or rather girl, excessively emaciated, but retaining traces of great beauty.

I scarcely know what vague hope it was that induced me to pour a little powder on the ground close by her side, and set fire to it with one of my pistols. A gentle sigh moved her lips; but it was so gentle, and the motion was so insignificant, that it required the intense gaze that I cast upon her features, and the intense attention with which I listened, to detect them. But I was now convinced that life still lingered within those veins; the thought that I might have a companion to share my sufferings took possession of me; my heart fluttered within me; my pulse beat high; my brain whirled; and finally, passing my arm round the neck of the young girl, I swooned away.

I was restored by feeling a gentle throb under my right breast responsive to that which shook my own. But it was not immediately followed by another. However, I could now detect a certain glow in the whole frame of the young girl, which assured me that the principle of life was rapidly recovering within her. This roused me to exertion, and I proceeded to ransack the haversacks of the few bodies which lay around. I thus, at length, discovered what I sought with most eagerness—a small flask of brandy. This I applied to the girl's lips; and, though she did not swallow anything, the smell of it, without doubt, assisted in reviving her. Pouring a little into the palm of my hand, I chafed her temples therewith, and at length, to my inexpressible joy, a long deep sigh escaped her, and she began to breathe with a regular, but a weak and suppressed breath. Her whole frame then shook with a convulsive tremor, and, at length, when by raising her head I had forced her to swallow about a spoonful of the brandy, she opened her eyes, and cast them around with a painful expression of surprise. At first it seemed as though she saw nothing to reconcile her to this return to existence, for she shuddered, closed her eyes, and seemed about to relapse into her former state of inanition. By immense exertions, however, I again restored her; her eyes encountered mine with a long gaze, though not of recognition, and in accents faint and low, she inquired,

"Where am I?"

The joy occasioned at these, the first words uttered by a human voice which had struck upon my ears for so many days, after having almost given up the hope of holding any further communion but with the dead, prevented me for a while from answering. At length the young girl, who still kept her glance firmly fixed upon me, had time to say, with an expression of semi-reproach,—

"You will not tell me?"

"We are at Borodino," I replied, willing if possible to keep for a while the more horrible features of the scene from her notice. She seemed satisfied with this, and remained tranquil, her head supported by my arms. At length, however, I perceived that evening was drawing nigh, and that it behoved me to think how we should pass the night.

"Can you walk a little?" I inquired.

"Are you Charles?" she said. "I am afraid you are not Charles."

"Yes, yes; my name is Charles."

"Not my Charles."

"Your Charles."

She shook her head, and remained motionless. I now contrived to steep a morsel of biscuit which I had found in the brandy, and to make her swallow it. This several times repeated gave her strength; and with an effort she rose to her knees. I found it impossible to assist her, which she perceived, and casting a glance of excessive commiseration upon me, she said,

"And in that state you have thought of me? Oh, sir, what can I say? How shall I thank you?"

All this time she did not cast her eyes upon the corpse to which I had found her clinging, but kept them as much as possible fixed on me. This I rejoiced at, imagining that if she were to behold him, the affection which had doubtless led her there would cause a relapse. I therefore hastened to crawl away, begging her to follow me if she was able. As I moved, of course, very slowly, bearing my arms, and a little food, which I had collected, she was enabled to keep pace with me; now rising to her feet, and tottering a step or two; now sinking on her knees, and advancing with the help of her hands. In this manner I led her to the other side of a small thicket, which lay at no great distance. We now found ourselves on the brink of a little glen, turned towards the south, and overlooking the whole field of battle. It was some thirty yards across, and about fifty deep. At the inner extremity I could discern the ruins of a burned hut, but I judged it impossible to reach it that evening, as I myself was near

fainting with fatigue. My hands, moreover, were torn and bleeding; and my elbows covered with wounds. I accordingly resolved to pass the night where I was, and crept under a bush. I ate one of the biscuits I had found, persuaded my companion to eat a piece of one; and we both drank a little brandy. I abstained from asking any questions as to who and what she was, and what brought her there, for fear of fatiguing her; confining the little conversation that passed between us to a question or two about her actual feelings. She was evidently in a very exhausted state; and when I felt her burning hands, I began to fear that I had only restored her to die a second death. However, I offered up a prayer for her safety and my own—the first time I had really prayed on that field,—and wrapping my cloak about us both, we were soon fast asleep.

The brandy, I suppose, which I had drunk prevented me from awaking until morning was far advanced. Even before I opened my eyes I felt that something extraordinary had happened. My limbs seemed stiffened; an unusual weight impeded my movements; and a sharp, damp, penetrating cold pierced me to the very marrow. I raised my head, and to my horror and astonishment beheld the whole country far and near white with snow. The last flakes of the fall were still floating in the air, driven before the wind; here and there a few inequalities marked the places where lay at no great distance the heaps of slain. The hills were crowned with snow, and the branches of the trees laden. A hurried glance sufficed, and I turned to communicate this new disaster to my companion. She seemed yet asleep. I shook her. Her arms were rigid. With a cry of despair I tore away the cloak from around her. I had been sleeping with a corpse! She was quite dead!

Never shall I forget the hideous torrent of feelings which gushed into my heart when I was at length forced to become convinced of this fact, by observing that mortification had commenced. It seemed as though the heavens had conspired to mock me, and drive me to madness. In a few hours I had conceived for that young girl more than the affection of a father. She was the only link that bound me to the rest of mankind. The solicitude which until then I felt only for myself I had transferred to her; and now she was taken from me. I clasped her to my bosom: and a torrent of expressions of love and grief, mixed, I am afraid, with incoherent blasphemies, burst from my lips. I kissed her cold lips, murmured in her dull ears, gazed passionately upon her form; and then, giving myself up to an ungovernable access of fury, rolled upon the snow, cursing the hour I was born, and wishing that a speedy death might overtake me. So strong, however, was the love of life within my breast, that I soon became more calm, or rather more insensible. I looked only to the preservation of my own vile body, though what there was in life that could make me prize it at that moment I cannot see. I covered up the corpse of the unhappy girl with snow, to protect it from the wolves, and then continued my course, crawling like a reptile, towards the ruined hut, which now seemed to afford the only promise of safety. At length I reached it; and creeping into a dark room, threw myself upon the ground in a dull, stupid state of satisfaction, at having overcome all difficulties, which endured the remainder of the day.

Towards evening, when I began to collect my faculties, the idea of the young girl was the first to present itself. In vain I endeavoured to drive it away; it filled the entire extent of my mind. Having no other alternative, I was forced to contemplate it. The whole value of what I had lost as soon as won now presented itself to me. Woe encompassed me on every side. The sole inhabitant of a desert, crippled, emaciated in body, dejected, and sorrowful in mind, without mental energy to plan, or physical energy to execute any means of defending myself from the piercing cold of the night, I lay flickering on the borders of existence hour after hour, expecting and almost wishing that death would overtake me. It was decreed, however, that unless I wilfully abandoned the struggle for my life, that I should live. About midnight I began to take more rational views of my position. Hunger had made itself felt. I ate something, drank a little of the brandy that remained in the flask, and went to sleep.

What it was that waked me in the grey light of the morning I do not know. But when I looked forth I beheld a dark form moving upon the snow at no great distance from the mouth of the hollow in which my retreat was situated. At first my heart, elated, pictured the approach of a human being. But I soon discovered that it was a huge black bear ascending from the plain towards the hut. I now supposed that he had selected that ruined place for his den, and became convinced that I should have to dispute possession of it with him. This I resolved to do, and instantly prepared my arms. I had a musket, two pistols, a sword, and abundance of ammunition. Lest the snow should have penetrated into the pans, I re-primed my fire-arms. Meanwhile the animal continued to advance, though not rapidly, and at length reached the spot where I had left the body of the young girl. This he proceeded to uncover with his paws. Though I had determined to reserve my fire until he came nearer, I could not now restrain myself, and taking aim as well as I was able in my position, I discharged my principal piece at him. The ball took effect, for the bear uttered a cry of fury, and leaving the half-exposed body, rushed towards the hut. My destruction would have been certain, had it not proved that I had struck him on the knee. After a few steps he stumbled, and rolled upon the snow. I now re-loaded my musket; and again taking aim, was so fortunate this time as to strike him in the head. After a few more struggles, which brought him nearer to me, he fell lifeless on the snow. I now, with the pride of a hunter, proceeded to crawl towards him, armed with a pistol and sword. The idea had occurred to me that his carcass might serve for food. In the momentary elation of spirits, my successful shot had occasioned, I even determined to roll him towards the hut. This I soon perceived to be impossible. His size was enormous. The blood which gushed from his wounds stained the snow for many feet around. However, I resolved to cut a piece from him, which, in spite of my weakness, I effected. When I had succeeded I felt too much exhausted to proceed, as I had intended, to re-cover the body of the girl, and returned towards the hut, where I kindled a fire with some pieces of wood, and made a feast worthy of a king, improprietly drinking the last draught of brandy in the flask.

Another fall of snow now came on, which reminded me that I must devise means to protect myself from it. The hut had formerly consisted of two rooms, one behind the other. The roof of the front room had fallen in, and encumbered the floor. The corner also of the roof of the second had shared the same fate. The rest had received no damage. I reflected, however, that if the snow continued to fall, layer upon layer, it would at last be impossible to get out; besides, the heap which already lay in the corner might increase, and the narrow apartment, eight feet square, be choked up. I therefore resolved to spend a part of every day in clearing away the snow from the centre of the front room, so as to form a path by which I could emerge from my retreat when I pleased. I could have wished that with some of the boards which lay about I could have stopped up the hole in the roof of the inner room. But this was impossible. I could do nothing which required me to raise my hands much more than three feet from the ground. It was necessary, therefore, to content

myself with clearing away the snow day by day. I was not sorry to have this occupation, as a state of total inactivity might have proved fatal to me. I set accordingly to work, dragging myself first to the heap in my room, supporting myself with one hand, and shovelling away with a piece of board, which I held in the other. It was several hours before I had cleared out all the snow, at the end of which I was so exhausted that I could not proceed to form the projected path. This I accordingly put off to the morrow.

In the same manner I occupied, I believe, nearly a whole week, during which the snow occasionally fell again, and forced me to begin my work anew. At length, however, I succeeded in forming a path with an embankment on either side, ascending, with a gentle slope, towards the surrounding level.

By this time I began again to feel the want of provisions. I planned, therefore, an expedition to the carcass of the bear I had killed. Leaving my musket behind me, and fastening a belt round my waist, into which I stuck my pistols and my sword, I set out. I had not had for some time the curiosity to examine the appearance of the country. The snow had changed its whole aspect. It was with the utmost difficulty I could trace the winding course of the frozen Kalouga across the plain; and the old road to Moscow was utterly effaced. All I saw was an endless succession of white forms of every irregular shape, swelling and sinking, as far as the eye could reach, except that here and there a thick grove of pine-trees bore upon its back the snow intended for the ground, and allowed the eye to plunge between its gaunt trunks into perhaps unvisited recesses of gloom.

I soon discovered that it would be no easy matter to find what I sought. But by taking the bearings of certain objects which I at length recognized, I judged that the carcass of the bear was a little to the right of a line drawn southward from the hut. I accordingly crawled in that direction, and in about ten minutes came to an almost imperceptible swelling in the snow. I instantly began to dig with my hands; but what was my horror after a short time at discovering the body of the young girl half devoured by the wolves, doubtless on the night after I had left it uncovered! Her features, however, were untouched, and preserved almost as they had been in life by the snow. They wore an expression of angelic sweetness; but I cannot describe them, nor my feelings at the sight. Suffice it to say, that with my sword I cut off one of her long tresses of auburn hair, and thrust it into my bosom. I still keep it as a memorial. When I had done this, I hastily threw back the snow, which I beat as hard as I could with my hands, and proceeded with the utmost dejection of spirits to return towards my hut, forgetful of what had drawn me forth.

I was moving, I say, towards my hut, when happening by chance to turn my head on one side, and glance over the field, I beheld a strange and delightful sight. Across the very centre of it a long line of men was marching. It was a military detachment, whose whole economy proved it to be French. Tears came into my eyes for joy. I endeavoured to call out, although they were nearly a mile distant. But in vain. Sobs choked my utterance, and I suffered them to descend into a ravine, and disappear, before I remembered the only means in my power of attracting their attention. This was by firing one of my pistols. It was too late to take advantage of it at present; but I now knew what to do should such another opportunity occur. Hope was re-awakened in my breast; redoubled vital warmth gathered around my heart; and I began with some cheerfulness to search for the carcass of the bear, in which I at length succeeded. This time I cut off a much larger piece than before, and returned in high spirits. I found, however, that if I cooked the meat every time my wood would soon be exhausted. I therefore resolved to imitate the savage nations of the north, and eat the flesh raw, but frozen. I sometimes, like a true soldier, seasoned it with powder; and should not have disliked this mode of living had the possibility of any other been out of the question. Every now and then, however, I made a fire, and regaled myself on the luxury of grilled bear's meat.

My situation, however, gradually became worse and worse. Days passed by, with no other occurrence than my dragging myself to the carcass of the bear, to cut off a slice with my sword, and devour it. I seldom mustered courage to emerge from the door of the hut; for the cold was so excessive that my hands became covered with sores, and my wounds began to assume a threatening aspect. My weakness increased; a swimming in my head came on, partly induced by my being compelled to keep it so long in a declined position. How long I passed in this state I cannot tell. I made no reckoning of time. Whether it was that I went less seldom forth, or not, I saw no second detachment.

One morning, however, long before it was light, a terrific explosion shook the air. It waked me. I crawled out, in time to behold a momentary conflagration, lighting up the heavens in the east, like the bursting of a volcano. Was it, then, possible that the war was still carrying on so near me? My hopes rose. Day after day I went forth to examine the plain. But my expectation was frustrated, until at length I beheld an irregular array of scattered horsemen advancing from the direction of Moscow. Presently the whole field was covered by an army in the confusion of a retreat. Horse and foot-soldiers were mingled pell-mell. A wing passed by the spot where I lay. I was observed. My tale was soon told. Some shrugged their shoulders, pointed to the clouds of Cossacks that were hovering on the flanks of the retreating army, and hurried on; others raised me from the ground, carried me a little way, and abandoned me in despair. At length, however, Jacques Dupuis, of the Young Guard, placed me in a cart with other wounded men, exactly fifty days after the day of the great battle; and under his care I survived all the horrors of that disastrous retreat. He bore me on his shoulders across the bridge of the Beresina, where thousands, ten times more vigorous, perhaps more worthy of life than I was, perished miserably. He prevented my being abandoned at Vilna, attended everywhere to my wants;—in fine, under his guidance I at length re-crossed the Rhine; and it was in his arms that I fainted with joy at again finding myself in my native country. If you wish to see a man who has undergone many misfortunes, look on me; but if you would behold a hero, look at him.

[Count Segur, in his History of the "Grande Armée," states that a soldier, mutilated in the manner described above, did actually live fifty days on the field of battle during the march on Moscow, part of the time in the bowels of a horse. He was found by the retreating army, and being put into a cart with many other wounded men, reached France in safety.]

FOUR YEARS OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

BY A FIELD OFFICER.—[Continued.]

In the early part of October we were ordered down from our encampment, to co-operate with the Spaniards in the attack upon the La Khuze mountain. Here we were principally lookers on; for, except some skirmishing in the village of Saare, brought on more by the overflowing bravery of a company of the 6th Regt., and which cost it its Captain and several men killed, and a Staff Officer badly wounded, except this, I say, we had little to do. It was an inter-

esting sight, for the fight lasted two days. The French, as a matter of course, fought well, and the Spaniards, consequently, gained ground but slowly, although they bravely kept it; and, encouraged by the sight of the British divisions there to support them, they drew round the mountain, and gradually drove the French to a rocky eminence on its summit. Here they gallantly maintained themselves for some time, but were, I believe, at last obliged to surrender. The Light Division on our left were smartly engaged in this affair, and behaved with their usual intrepidity. After this we returned to our old encampment, and, as autumn soon began to change the colour of the leaves, and the blast to blow more chilly, our canvas houses were but sorry protections against the weather. We had now recourse to all sorts of inventions to keep us warm, digging holes in the ground, in our tents, and filling them with hot ashes, we thus contrived to warm our feet; but when heavy and constant rain came pouring down, as it did, at the latter end of this month, our canvas walls were soon converted into drizzling shower-baths, and shivering in cloaks we tried to keep ourselves dry till it was time to lie down for the night between our blankets, and on our heathy beds seek in the comfort of sleep forgetfulness of wet and cold; though frequently have I been disturbed at night with the idea that the fine old oak tree under which the tent was pitched, and which creaked and bent to the roaring of the storm, would come down upon it and crush us to death.

Here we remained, ardently longing for any change that might take us into the valleys beneath, until the 8th November, when we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to descend and attack next morning the fortified position of the French on the lower range. That evening we all assembled in high glee at the approaching fight. Laugh and song went merrily round, whilst some talked of the chances of the coming fight, and perhaps a cloud might pass over our minds at the thought that ere to-morrow, at the same hour, some of the merry party might be silenced for ever. These, however, were but the feelings of a few moments chased away, as unworthy of a second's consideration; and yet I believe, and firmly, too, in common with many a wiser head than mine own, that the mind has at times some secret, and even to itself unknown, means of diving into futurity, and that the bravest men have occasionally shown a lowness and depression of spirits at such times only to be accounted for by a secret and prophetic feeling of approaching death. At that party two of the most gallant and dauntless amongst us were apparently silent and thoughtful, and the words that burst from the lips of one of them, when late that night an unexpected order arrived, in consequence of a fall of snow, to delay the attack till the 10th, "Thank God, I have another day to live,"—the expression, at that moment taken as a joke, was afterwards strongly impressed on my memory when the poor fellow that day was killed close to his friend; and I firmly believe that some secret presentiment told him that his days were numbered, and that his hour was come.

At two o'clock, then, in the morning, we rose from our slumbers, and on opening the door of my tent I perceived the men falling in. No bugles were sounding, and we quietly took our places in the column which was preparing to descend, and leave what had been our mountain-home for so many months past. The night was starlight and serene, and gave promise of a glorious day. In silence we took the mountain-path, and for more than an hour descended in darkness through a close wood, till we came to an opening, where we were to halt until the day should break. It came at last; and as the first cannon boomed through the morning air, instantly followed by another, we stood to our arms, and quickly moving out into the open space, the scene that presented itself was truly sublime and beautiful. Before us was the French position, the lower range of Pyrenees, with the village of Saare, immediately in our front, also occupied by the enemy. Behind us rose the high and splendid mountains we had left, their lofty peaks wreathed in clouds; the sun was rising in glorious majesty, and rolling away the mists and vapour that hung over the valley in which we were, and giving to view, far as the eye could reach, the columns of English and Portuguese troops pouring out of every defile. The sharp rattling of the skirmishers, as they began the fight, was now cracking along the whole line, mingled with the deep and heavy reports of cannon from the French intrenchments, and, rushing forward at a smart pace, we dashed at the redoubt that covered the village; but the French evacuating it, we speedily cleared Saare, and began to ascend the heights on which our foes were so strongly posted. We halted for a few moments when an Aide-de-Camp of Beresford's galloped up with an order to deploy into line, and move forward as rapidly as possible. This was obeyed; and, pressing on, we soon came into close and deadly conflict with the French columns. Thrice were we driven back by overpowering numbers; but we cheered them off at last, and when we gained the summit they were pouring down the hill on the other side, in full and rapid flight. The position on our right and left had been gained, and we were victorious on all points.

On this hill we mourned the loss of many brave and fine fellows of the corps. The two friends fell foremost in the fight, both shot through the head. A Captain was taken, merely from his own bravery, which would not let him run till too late. I have heard him say that when he turned to make a bolt at least fifty Frenchmen were within five yards of him, and, ere their officer could prevent it, fired a whole volley at him. How he escaped death is miraculous, as several bullets passed through his clothes and cap. We now imagined that the day's fighting was over; but we soon moved forward, and about sunset perceived that the enemy still occupied the heights above the village of St. Pé, with the Nivelle river between us. We were immediately ordered to dislodge them, and dashing across the bridge, moved gallantly up the face of the hill, and were only brought up when on its summit, in a thick wood, by the very heaviest shower of musketry I ever was under,—it was more like a storm of hail. We cheered, and tried to push on, but it would not do, they were in such force; the rest of our brigade, however, coming up, headed by the gallant old 82nd, in column, with fixed bayonets, soon helped us to break the ice, and on we rushed, driving them off this position, and thus completing the operations of the day by its success in every point.

A little in advance of this ground we halted for the night, and piling arms, wearied and tired out, we lay down to rest, shorn of our numbers, but each congratulating himself on his own escape, and paying the tribute of a sincere and heartfelt sigh to the memory of our fallen comrades. That night we assembled round a good fire; our baggage not coming up, our appetites failed not to tell us that we had fasted since the previous night. Two fowls (from whence they came I know not) were soon stripped of their feathers, and in the pot, and whilst we were all eagerly watching the cookery in rushed a luckless sheep amongst us. No questions were asked, his doom was speedily sealed, and in a few minutes the greater part of him was with the fowls on the fire. We were not fastidious,—he came of his own accord, and we were right glad to make his acquaintance.

Next morning the Adjutant-General, armed with life and death, came to hang

up all marauders, and passed close to the spot of our regale. There where the sheepskin and feathers to tell the damning tale; he, I rather think, guessed the defaulters, but he only shook his head and passed on. He ordered the instant execution of a Brunswick in our division, taken in the fact of a dreadful outrage; and many summary examples were made that day, no doubt necessary for the maintenance of that honourable and beautiful system of discipline, so characteristic of our arms, respecting private property at all times, even in the bosom of the enemy's country, and trying to spare its horrors as much as possible to the inoffensive civilian, whose misfortune it is, but whose fault it can never be, that his rulers are at war. The soldiery, who could not be expected to be either casuists or philosophers, and who made no distinction between Frenchmen, whether soldiers or civilians, thought it hard,—but the policy was noble, and worthy of its great author, Wellington.

Soon after this battle we went into the different villages, where we now hoped for the comfort of a few months' rest under a roof, and the delights of a fire-side; for now we were completely tired of our canvas houses,—sad protectors against the storms and rain of winter. Short, however, was our repose; the days were gone by when armies held the field only in summer, and left off campaigning when the fine weather was done, going into winter-quarters as regularly as the Foot Guards now take their severe service of a year's misery in the Royal Barracks at Dublin. Napoleon had entirely changed these matters, and soldiers now kept the field despite of wind and rain, and we certainly then were soldiers in every sense of the word. Short was our sojourn in St. Pe, and early in December saw us again in the tented field. Our gallant foes, headed by that splendid fellow Marshal Soult, were ever on the alert, ready to dispute every inch of the sacred soil. In the battles of the Nive we were but slightly engaged, our division being generally in the reserve during those affairs. Bravely and skilfully did Soult manoeuvre through the whole period of this fighting; but all his manoeuvres were met and defeated by the still greater generalship of Wellington, and of the bravery of that army, it becomes not me, as one of them, to speak too much. But I was now about to leave these busy scenes, and early in January I was ordered to England, in charge of French prisoners, and landed, after a short pleasant passage, at Plymouth,—not quite seventeen, after more than three years' hard fighting, and active though delightful service, in one of the finest countries in the world. Campaigning is the breath of the soldier's nostrils. It perhaps spoils him for any other kind of life; for there is but one greater pleasure to the wandering vagabond, and that is the day and hour his foot, after all his toils and dangers, presses again the soil of dear, dear old England.

Peace proclaimed, my regiment returned to England in the August of the same year, and was ordered into garrison at Portsmouth. We remained in idleness and inactivity, dreading reduction, and the consequent loss of our profession, until March, 1815, when there occurred an event utterly unexpected to us all, joyfully rousing us from all our fears of half-pay, bringing back to us again all the delights of service, novelty, hopes of promotion, and active employment, and flinging to the winds, the frivolous and dissipated life of a peace-soldier, only to be enjoyed by him who has never felt the delights of a war one. One morning in March I was seated with two or three others, at breakfast, in the mess room; the Bugle-Major came in with the letters, and, as usual, laid the newspaper upon the mess-table. Some one opened it, and glancing his eyes carelessly and coldly for a few minutes over its contents, when suddenly his countenance brightened up, and flinging the newspaper into the air like a madman, he shouted out "Glorious news! Glorious news! Nap's landed again in France. Hurrah!" In an instant we were all wild; "Nap's in France again," spread like wild fire through the barracks,—the men turned out and cheered,—nay, that day at mess, the moment the cloth was removed, the President rose and drank success to old Nap, with three times three,—our joy was unbounded, and few, I believe, that night went to bed sober. Next morning an order came to hold ourselves in readiness for immediate embarkation, and in less than a week we were marching down Point-street, making the town ring with our cheers. Boat after boat pushed off from the shore full of soldiers, our band playing "God save the King," our colours waving in the breeze, the most enthusiastic cheering from the crews of the men-of-war boats that were assisting in the embarkation, mingling with those of the people on shore and our own men, as they left their native land, to seek death and danger abroad. But what cared we for these contingencies?—we were embarking for service; battles, excitement, change, the very life's breath of a soldier, were now to be exchanged for the stagnant and withering atmosphere of a garrison duty in peace, fatal alike to the morals of both soldier and officer, and destructive of that generous feeling and enthusiasm so delightful and so natural to the military character. We sailed for the Downs, and there remained at anchor two or three days, during a very heavy gale of wind, which at length moderating permitted us to be re-embarked in sailing-packets; and I remember, after a delightful sail of about fourteen hours, being awakened from a sound sleep by my servant, to tell me that it was time to dress for landing. I jumped out of my berth, and rushing on deck found that we were alongside the quay at Ostend; the bells were chiming, the morning was beautiful, and all bore the cheerful and delightful aspect of a large foreign seaport. There was not much to be seen, but everything was new to us; we were in a foreign country, one in which we had never campaigned before; we were again beginning a campaign,—Wellington our General. Could anything go wrong with him! We knew that to be impossible. In the evening we were removed to large canal-barges,—started for Bruges. There we halted all the next day, and at night again pursuing our canal-voyage, reached Ghent, at that time the residence of the fugitive King of France and his family. In this ancient and beautiful city we remained two or three days; thence marching to Brussels, we were halted for a week, and there brigaded with the 14th and 23d Regts., and attached to Lord Hill's corps, and ordered into cantonments at Grammont, his Lordship's head-quarters. Here we were quartered for some time previous to the battle of Waterloo, in most delightful billets, and living amongst our friends the Flemings on the best possible terms. The town was filled with troops, with the whole of our cavalry in the neighbouring villages, so that it continually presented a most gay and lively scene, and our time passed pleasantly enough. Of our advance we knew nothing: rumours were, indeed, afloat that it was to take place early in June,—but for this we cared not, we enjoyed the present, and the future had our full permission to take care of itself. We knew that the campaign must open in summer. We were also pretty certain that there would be battles, and of course with Wellington that they would be victories, a few broken heads, more or less, a fight one day and a routed army to follow the next. This in the Peninsula had ever been our routine of work; and we had no wish, nor did we see any cause why it should not be so again. Whilst at Grammont Lord Wellington reviewed the three regiments of the brigade, and as we again beheld our old eagle-eyed Chief looking uncommonly well, we felt the proud distinction of having served under him in so many well-fought fields, and were much grat-

ified at hearing him remark, as he rode through our ranks, that "he well remembered the faces of his Peninsula friends." How few of them are now left alive. Some, 'tis true, have been promoted, and are covered with well-earned honours; others moulder in the grave; others, again, less fortunate, still creep on in subordinate ranks, overstepped and commanded, perhaps, by boys not then born. For such things there is, perhaps, no remedy; still the veteran soldier cannot but feel and deeply lament, that honours and rank, like the wares in a tradesman's shop, are, in the British Army to be obtained by wealth alone, and that the English soldier, of perhaps a hundred battles, is the only one in Europe to whom his country still denies even the empty, yet flattering honour, of a bit of bronze, or an inch of riband, to deck the breast that was ever bared to the bullet or the steel of their country's foes.

After this review, we remained quietly in cantonments, nothing worthy of much note occurring until a few days before the battle of Waterloo, when I was roused from my slumbers early one morning by a loud knocking at my bedroom door, and a Serjeant entering to tell me that the brigade was to march in an hour—that the enemy were advancing. I jumped out of bed, and, hastily dressing myself, found in the street all the usual preparations going on for marching; bugles were sounding in every direction, mules and horses laden with baggage. Our preparations were speedily made, the brigade soon on its march, and bidding adieu to our kind friends the Belgians, with whom we had passed so many pleasant days, we quickly left the sweet little town of Grammont behind us. Many were the tears shed by bright eyes that morning, and loud the regrets expressed at our departure by this good-hearted people. Some of the fair damsels forsook all and followed the bugle. I remember one sweet little girl, who, for love of a young soldier of the regiment, had left her parents, and, with a small bundle in her hand, trudged along all day by his side, but was overtaken towards evening by her father, an old and most respectable-looking man, who, with all the agony of the most dreadful grief, alternately implored of his daughter not to forsake him, and besought the authority of the officers to order the soldier to let her return; whilst the girl, clinging around her lover's neck, refused even to listen to his entreaties, and we were all truly grieved at the poor old fellow's distress. At the moment he came up, the brigade was halted, and the struggle was beginning to be a terrible one, for the father, when our commanding officer, an amiable and truly good man, interfered, and peremptorily ordered the youth to let her go, telling her at the same time, in the kindest manner, that she could not follow the troops, and, broken-hearted, and in a flood of tears, she returned to the path of duty, and was almost borne off in her father's arms, who blessed the Colonel in the most emphatic manner, and left us with his weeping Helen.

On arriving at Enghien, we were halted for a couple of hours, to rest and refresh the troops, at the end of which we were again pushed forward. The evening was beautiful, the sun sinking to his western bed in all his summer glory, whilst the road, covered with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, contrasted strongly with the peaceful and quiet scenery around us, everywhere smiling with ripening corn; the country dotted with pretty farms and lovely villages. The last of the column was just emerging from the town, when the well-known and familiar sound of cannon, booming through the still air, once again saluted our ears, and, like old hunters, stirred all our martial spirit within us. Instinctively, as in former days, we quickened our pace, whilst the loud deep reports still continuing to come in quick succession from the same quarter, told us, in language there was no mistaking, that our old friends the French were not far distant; and the instantaneous change from the silence of fatigue to the loud buzzing of a thousand voices, the hardly-to-be-suppressed cheer, and the general animation visible on every countenance, showed that the sound was neither uncommon nor unwelcome to the old Peninsula soldiers. We marched all night, and halted at day-break outside Nivelles, where we saw some of the wounded, and heard the first details of the battle of the 26th. After some hours' rest, we began our short retreat to Waterloo, one of the most fatiguing and disagreeable days of the whole campaign, moving on a paved dusty road, crowded with troops, under a burning sun, clouds of dust, baggage, commissariat stores, all hurrying to the rear, and, to crown all, a brigade of Belgian cavalry trotted by us in a village, almost treading on our toes, and receiving from the exasperated soldiers curses both loud and deep; these fine-looking gentlemen, spite of their martial appearance, next day behaved in the most dastardly manner. Towards evening, smart rain and heavy thunder cooled and refreshed us, and, as we took up our ground on the battle-field, well drenched, we saw, for the first time this campaign, the enemy. The sunset clearing away for a short time the heavy clouds and rain, shewed us a few of their columns, and some skirmishers of their advanced guard slightly engaged with our cavalry rear-guard, whilst the rest of our army quietly settled down into their places for the night, which now began to darken and pour with heavy rain, mingled with peals of thunder and flashes of lightning, greatly to our discomfort and annoyance: we kindled fires as well as we could to cheer us through the night of continued rain which poured upon us, thundering and lightning away, the usual precursors of all our greatest battles; and well were we pleased to see the morning dawn which ushered in the eventful day of Waterloo.

For some hours we remained perfectly still, drying our arms and clothes, as best we might, until about half-past ten, when we received an order to advance, and move down to the right of the position, halting about four hundred yards in rear of Hougoumont; here the rising ground to our left and front prevented us from seeing the enemy; and in columns of regiments, the brigade remained for about a quarter of an hour in silent and eager anxiety, waiting the commencement of the action. At length "pealed the thunder" of a single cannon, as a battery of artillery close to us opened its fire on the advancing columns of the French. "Their goes the first gun of the greatest action that has been fought in Europe for the last fifty years," burst from the lips of a young officer; and hardly were the words out of his lips, when an aide-de-camp galloping up, ordered out some light troops to fire at the flanks of the French coming round the wood of Hougoumont; three companies were dashed forward in a moment, and the one I then belonged to, headed by my gallant old captain (one of the bravest soldiers I ever knew,) was the leading one of the skirmishers. Owing to the undulating nature of the ground, and the high standing corn, we did not come in contact with the enemy's light troops covering the advance of their columns until within about forty paces; then, opening our fire, and loudly cheering, we charged forwards, making them retire before us, though they were supported by cavalry.

We were now on a plain, but continued advancing, driving them on beyond the enclosures of Hougoumont, close back upon their columns; this bold and somewhat rash conduct of my Captain, I doubt not, we should have speedily had cause to rue, had not our advance been checked by an order to retire, which, as it was not brought by a Staff Officer, he refused to obey, although he halted; however, an Aide-de-Camp galloping up with an order to that effect from Lord Hill, we then slowly retraced our steps about a hundred yards, and

met the remainder of the regiment coming up in extended order. At this time the battle had scarcely commenced, we being the first infantry that had as yet fired a shot, and in this short advance of about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, our loss had already been twelve killed and wounded out of a company of seventy men. In this position we remained the whole day, close to Hougoumont, alternately advancing and retreating with the ebb and flow of the tide of battle.

Of the operations of our companions in arms to our left, who suffered so severely, and fought so gallantly, it is not for me to speak, their deeds have been too often told by abler and better pens than mine; I can only tell of what passed immediately around me; "mid the smoke and shout, and din of battle," we had enough to do, however unimportant one's own individual part, to note that of others; suffice it to say, in the words of a friend, "the din in mine ear, for about nine hours, was more like the roll of a hundred thousand drums, of all sizes and shapes, than anything I can compare it to."

A little before sunset, when all was lost to the enemy, I well remember the last gallant but useless attempt of the Old Imperial Guard. The firing had ceased in our immediate front; in all parts the splendid and brave cavalry of the foe had been almost annihilated, broken like "frail barques on a rocky strand," against the solid squares of the British infantry—they had gone down horse and man, and perished nobly for their chief; their infantry had been beaten, driven back, and everywhere repulsed. When one more gallant effort was now to be made, I saw the dark column in one solid enormous mass crown the plateau and move forward; but here they halt, they waver, long lanes of light are seen through the black body, and borne down by the storm of grape and cannon-shot hailed upon them from our artillery, they give way, and the instant and simultaneous advance of the whole British line, 'mid loud buzzes of victory, told that, with that sun which was now going down in almost tropical beauty, the star of Napoleon and the invincibility of this gallant band were setting for ever.

Parties of Prussian cavalry began how to push past us, whilst the British, tired and jaded with a long day of fatigue and fighting, were ordered to halt, and moving into the orchard of Hougoumont, we piled our arms close to the chateau, a heap of blackened ruins; we were soon asleep, whilst thousands, who had fought their last, and slept "the sleep which knows no waking," save that of the last awful day, were pillowed on the earth everywhere around us. At day-break I walked over the battle-field, and though pretty well hardened by practice for such sights, yet this was, in truth, a dreadful one; the dead in many places were literally piled in heaps; the wounded, few of whom had yet been removed, were some silently and patiently suffering, others writhing and screaming with agony, some loudly calling for water, and praying for death to end their misery. Everything that human means could do was being done, and fond as I then was of the excitement of campaigning, this was a scene of human misery too painful to dwell upon, and upon which the eye could not but rest with horror. Here, stark and cold in death, victims to the ambition of one man, lay thousands of brave and gallant human beings, who but yesterday trod and stepped on this pleasant earth full of life and hope, and now we moved over their bodies as over senseless clods. Close to Hougoumont lay the corpse of an officer of our Guards, and across his breast the dead body of a French Grenadier; the officer had been shot through the head, a loaf of brown bread half out of the Frenchman's haversack was spattered with his brains; I had not tasted food since daylight of yesterday's morn, and ravenous with hunger, I scraped off the brains and feasted on the bread: at any other time I should have turned from it with disgust. But years have past—Waterloo and its glories are remembered but as history; the British soldier looks forward with hope for future wars and other fields in which harvests of glory are now perhaps ripening for him. We have, no doubt, many a Wellington yet unborn, but a Napoleon comes not in the lapse of many centuries, and long will it be ere two such armies clash again. The Peninsula Legions of Wellington, the British Caesar, the Old Imperial Guard of Napoleon, honour, chivalry, bravery, and fidelity, all combined, better or braver troops never went down upon a battle-field than those that perished there!

A "SHANDEAN" SCENE AT STRATHFIELDSAYE.

The characters drawn by Sterne still exist, as the following dialogue, by some mysterious means was picked up by that "Milesian Mephistopheles" who favours us (as he calls it) with his correspondence, Teddy Bryan. We interpolate this from Teddy's exordium:—

Captain Nosey, the fine old warrior, had arrived at Strathfieldsaye. He was accompanied by his faithful and devoted servant, Corporal All-but-nought. "My uncle Toby," was never more attached to "Trim," than was Captain Nosey to his trim Corporal. The Captain was tired, and wet, and annoyed. His brow was gloomy, and he looked "kicks." "Corporal All-but-nought," said the Captain. "Here, Captain!" said the Corporal, standing as if he swallowed for breakfast the stair iron. "I'm glad that old fellow is off," said the Captain, manin' the King of the Frinch; "and, bedad, it's I that wishes him a fair wind to his tail, as the sailors say whin a rat is seen lavin' an ould ship." "It's fairly ravished I am," says the Corporal, "he's off," and stampin' on the ground wid delight. "Don't make such a d—d noise," said the Captain. "By no manes," said the Corporal. "And don't spake about ravishin'." "You're right, Captain," says the Corporal, bowin' "It was hard work," said the Captain, "to be obliged to be civil to an ould humbug wid a lot of hang-gallows fellows who looked daggers at me, an' every one would willingly have become *haroes* in the eyes of the Frinch. Bring me the boot-jack." "To hear is to obey, Commander of the Faithful," says the Corporal. "Commander of what?" "Faithful, yer honour!" "Humph! I don't know that, seein' there's a power of Paddies amongst them. All-but-nought," says the Captain, "that Guizot is a deuced deep fellow." "He is a deep fellow yer honour," said the Corporal. "How do you know that?" said the Captain, sharply. "I don't know it at all," said the Corporal. "He's called the Prime Minister and head of the Ministry," said the Captain. "There's no mistakin' about that," said the Corporal. "You're a fool," said the Captain, "he is not." "Then I am a fool," said the Corporal; "but may I ask who is he?" "Who do you think?" says the Captain, pulling his boots off, which the Corporal picked up dutifully and put under his arm. "What right have I to think?" said he, deferentially. "Thru for you, an' if I thought you ventured to think I'd have whipped the boot-jack at your head; that's quite out of your line." "Quite, yer honour," says the Corporal, makely. "Why the King himself, to be sure," says the Captain. "Och! 'tis you that have the cute and grate mind, Captain," says the Corporal.

"Corporal," says he, "mix a tumbler of punch, and keep that ill-looking mug of yours in decent composure while I tell you a sacrit, Corporal All-but-nought. The King," says the Captain, "said to me, when shall I have the pleasure and honour of seein' you at the Toolereys. Do you hear?" "Cer-

tainly," says the Corporal. "Well," says the Captain, "I says to the King, I'm deaf rather." "So you are, the more's the pity," said the Corporal. "Your soul to the devil," says the Captain. Dr. Hume says I'm better. I turned my other ear to him. He repated the question like a bull. Why, thin, says I, says the Captain "I'll come when your family will be wantin' me in Paris as they once did before! He did not ask me again."

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE CITY.

OPENING OF THE NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE, ON MONDAY.

It has been remarked as a gratifying and auspicious circumstance, that on every occasion of her majesty's "progresses," however threatening might be the previous aspect of the weather, and however lowering the first break of the morning, the seasons have suspended their menace, and the sun has continued to shine through the opposing mists, and smile upon the royal cavalcade. For the last day or two there were rather gloomy apprehensions for the weather of this day, but the morning, although cold and damp, was of the character which always at this time of the year promises a fair day. At a very early hour the approaches to the Park, Pall Mall, the Strand, &c. were thronged with eager crowds hurrying to possess themselves betimes of the most favourable positions; and so early as ten o'clock there were assembled in St. James's Park, Pall Mall, and all along the line of procession, as great multitudes as was ever witnessed on any similar occasion. Nor did we ever see such assemblages collected in such good humour and orderly demeanour—characteristics to which the forbearance and civility of the police in a very great degree contributed, showing an improved understanding between the public and the preservers of the peace, if not altogether an improved character of the times. This particular feature of the holiday was too striking to be passed unnoticed.

In Pall-mall, soon after nine o'clock, the windows and balconies were filled with elegantly dressed spectators, and the numerous contrivances to protect them against the discomfort of the season, had in all cases a pleasing, and in some a rather rich effect; tapestries, draperies, and fringed verandahs, gave a picturesque indication of a *fete* day. But we were surprised to observe in this fine and aristocratic street, almost within the precincts of the palace, no preparations for illumination, although in the other parts of the route the preparations were costly and tasteful. In St. James's Park the line was occupied before nine o'clock, and when the guards of honour—detachments of the Blues, the Life Guards, and the 17th Lancers—came to take up their position in the spacious area before the marble arch, it required some good tempered exertion on the part of the police to clear the space for them. The Life Guards wore their silvered helmets and white plumes, and looked to great advantage. Every one knows what a dashing troop the 17th Lancers are, and fit to earn the device on their saddle cloths—the death's head "or glory." When the procession moved from the palace, the noble appearance of the three detachments added greatly to the splendour of the pageant.

The route was along the Park, through the iron gates, by the German chapel, into Pall Mall. In the latter street two of the best of the street bands had taken up their station, one towards either end, and on the approach of her majesty they struck up "God save the queen," to the evident delight of the assembled people, by whom, from her departure from the palace, her majesty was greeted with most enthusiastic cheers, which she acknowledged with her characteristic gracious and grateful smiles. Her majesty looked as well, as cheerful, and almost as young as on the day of her coronation. The state carriage, drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, and containing her Majesty, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, with the Duchess of Buccleuch (mistress of the robes,) and the Earl of Jersey (master of the horse,) was preceded by six of the royal carriages, each drawn by six horses. These conveyed the principal members of the household, who customarily attend the queen on state occasions. The carriages of the ambassadors, foreign ministers, and cabinet ministers, closed the procession, which they fell in with opposite to St. James's Palace, and following the detachment of Life Guards, who attended the state carriage. By this time the dulness and chilliness of the morning had yielded to a sunshine of comparative brightness, and seemed to give new spirit to the loyal assemblages, whose cheers became, if possible, more vivacious and sustained.

Temple Bar was, as might be expected, a grand point of attraction to the lovers of pageantry. It was the focus of attraction as well for those of the city, as for those from the more aristocratic region of the west-end. The shops on both sides of the Bar presented a most elegant and animated appearance, for every window in them—every nook where a pretty face could peep to smile its welcome on the queen—was densely occupied from ground floor to roof. The tiles themselves were in many places densely crowded, and accidents must have happened but for the thorough good humour and spirit of concession which so happily and honourably pervaded all. The less educated masses in the streets around this great thoroughfare were equally emulous with their better clad brethren to manifest a conceding and forbearing spirit. Better behaviour there could not, on the whole, have been exhibited, when we reflect on the thousands and thousands crammed, we might almost say crushed, together. At every little *contre temps*, which, of course, must happen at such a time, there was a roar of laughter and a hearty shout—but they were the ebullitions of light and happy hearts, and any thing but the emanations of ill-temper. At some distance from where we were placed we certainly did hear, for one or two minutes, some loud and indignant yelling, caused, it was afterwards bruited, by some hasty proceeding of a city policeman. But the anger was as evanescent as was, we trust, the cause of it.

At ten o'clock a troop of the City Light Horse rode up to the gates of the Middle Temple, which were opened to them. This troop was to constitute the body guard of the queen, and remained within the walls of the Temple until the approach of the royal procession from the west. They were splendidly accoutred—rode their horses with dignity and ease, and really presented a most soldier-like appearance. There were also several well-trained and quiet-looking horses located here for the use of the aldermen and deputation from the common council, who were to act as an escort to her majesty. About the same time a squadron of the 1st Life Guards, in their rich review uniforms, and preceded by their band, passed through Temple Bar. They were soon afterwards followed by a squadron of the Royal Horse Guards Blue. The rear of this squadron kept dropping off in twos from the main body, as soon as they had passed the bar, and thus formed a guard along the whole line, to assist the police in keeping the road open and preserving order. The carriages of the nobility, bishops, and other dignitaries now arrived, in quick succession, en route, to the banquet at the Royal Exchange. Precisely at eleven o'clock, the bells of St. Dunstan's church struck up a merry peal, prophetic of the arrival of the lord mayor and the civic authorities. In a few moments the procession arrived at Temple Bar.

Arrangements had been kindly made by the proprietors of Messrs. Childs'

banking-house to accommodate the lord mayor and chief civic functionaries whilst waiting for the arrival of the royal procession. The various officials, therefore, here descended from their carriages, and entered the bank, whilst the vehicles were driven through the bar, westward, in order to drop in at the rear of the royal procession, after entering the precincts of the city. All the members of the corporation were, of course, in full costume, and the procession altogether had a very excellent effect.

All now became expectation and hope. Every eye was from the east, and everybody was straining on his tip-toes to get one little bit nearer to the west. Many were the false alarms given—many the untruthful cries of "Here they are"—"Here comes the queen." At length, however, at about twenty minutes before 12 o'clock, that mighty roar from the human voice which English hearts and English lungs can alone send forth and which swells upon the ear like the rolling of a distant cataract, told truly enough of the near approach of her

"—who, where'er she goes,
Draws after her the hearts of many."

The opening of the gates of Temple Bar, which a few minutes previously to the arrival of the royal procession had been closed, was the signal for increased tumultuous cheering. Those about us declared they heard a loud knocking at the outward or westward side of the gates; but this noise did not fall on our own proper ears. When, however, the city heralds, who were inside the gates, gave notice by their trumpets of the approach of her majesty, the Lord Mayor issued on foot from Messrs. Child's bank, prepared to give welcome to the city's guest. At the same moment the gates of the Inner Temple were thrown open, and out rushed, to the horror of the timid and the merriment of the brave, a body of civic horsemen that seemed wholly at a loss what to do with themselves, and to have no inconsiderable dread of what their horses might choose to do with them. These were the aldermen and a deputation of the common council, arranged, or rather designed—for arrangement there was none—to act as the civic equestrian escort to the queen. This part of the affair was sadly bungled, for there was scarcely a decent horseman amongst the whole squad. Two of these worthies were exceedingly inconsiderate in their demeanour, by backing their horses most unnecessarily and with somewhat of violence, amongst the crowd. The kind interference of some grooms and one or two Life Guardsmen (real horsemen) soon, however, put everything to rights, and the order of marshalling the procession was rapidly proceeded with. This finished, the *cortège* proceeded in the same state as it passed through the Strand, with the exception, however, of being preceded by the lord mayor and attendants, and escorted by the amateur equestrians aforesaid. Just as the royal state carriage arrived under the bar it was pulled up, and the lord mayor went to the side where the queen was, and tendered the keys of the city, making at the same time his obeisance, and bidding her majesty most heartily welcome to her ancient and loyal city. The royal carriage then proceeded, and never did we see or hear her majesty better received than on the present occasion. The cheering was universal, and was as warm, loud, and sincere as ever came from the voices of honest and loyal Englishmen. Her majesty's reception in the city must have indeed made an impression upon her and upon her royal consort, that no time can ever efface. With the advance and passing of a couple of squadrons of Life Guards, the procession was soon lost to the eye where we were stationed.

Her majesty and the prince were most enthusiastically cheered through the whole line from Temple Bar to the Exchange. She looked exceedingly well and appeared pleased with the preparations that had been made for her reception. On arriving at the Exchange, her majesty was most enthusiastically cheered. The state carriage, as usual, was drawn by eight cream coloured horses; and Prince Albert, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and the Earl of Jersey, were in the carriage with her majesty.

The arrangements for the reception of the guests at the Royal Exchange were excellent. With each ticket of admission, there was sent to the guest another ticket, designating the door at which the admission ticket was to be presented; and a plan of the tables, on which the place of each guest was distinctly marked, so that there could not by possibility arise even the chance of confusion.

The company began to arrive shortly after ten o'clock, and by eleven o'clock the greater portion of them had felt it necessary to take their places. At eleven o'clock the Duke of Wellington arrived, and the band immediately struck up "See the conquering hero comes." His grace, who was conducted over the building, and through the different banqueting rooms by Mr. Tite and Mr. Lambert Jones, was loudly cheered during the whole of his progress. Shortly afterwards the band struck up the national anthem. There was immediately a buzz of expectation and surprise, and a hurrying to secure places; many present imagining that her majesty herself was on the point of arriving. It proved, however, a false alarm. It was one of the royal pages, who, arriving in a royal carriage, had been thus saluted. Again the national anthem was heard. This time it announced the arrival of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who proceeded to the retiring room to await the arrival of her majesty. Among the early arrivals we noticed Sir C. Napier, the Earl of Westmoreland, the Marquis of Salisbury, Sir F. Pollock, the Lord Chief Baron, W. Holmes, Esq., Lord Granville Somerset, and the Earl of Lincoln. At about half-past eleven, Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham arrived. The right hon. baronets were received by Mr. Lambert Jones, and conducted through the rooms and over the building. Sir Robert Peel was cheered occasionally during the course of his progress. No demonstration of feeling, however, was manifested towards Sir James Graham. The Chancellor of the Exchequer arrived shortly afterwards. All the cabinet ministers were dressed in the Windsor uniform.

At a quarter after twelve o'clock, it was announced that her Majesty had arrived. Simultaneously with her Majesty's arrival, the sun, which, during the earlier part of the morning had been obscured with clouds, suddenly burst forth with the greatest brilliancy. The Lord Mayor, who had alighted from his charger but a moment previously, here joined the members of the Gresham committee and his brother Aldermen, and received her Majesty and the Prince consort upon their being handed from the coach by the great officers of state. A rather unlucky incident here befell his Lordship. A high pair of Spanish boots formed a portion of the Lord Mayor's equestrian attire. On alighting, his Lordship was anxious to divest himself of such an encumbrance, having to perform the somewhat arduous duty of preceding the Royal Party round the Exchange. Several attendants were at hand, and, after a sharp trial, his Lordship succeeded in dislodging his foot from one boot; but, unfortunately, the second was not so readily removed, and repeated attempts to tear or cut it off having failed, his Lordship was compelled to head the Royal Procession with one boot on and one off. By some gross mismanagement, also, the sheriffs, who had formed a part of the equestrian cavalcade, were prevented from entering with the rest of the

officials, at the west entrance; and nearly 20 minutes elapsed before either could gain admission, so that those gentlemen took no part in the procession. Having gone over the building, her Majesty proceeded in procession up the staircase leading to Lloyd's Rooms. The Lord Mayor, bearing the sword of state, led the way; he was followed immediately by her Majesty, leaning on the arm of Prince Albert, followed by her Maids of Honour and Suite. Her Majesty was attired in a magnificent dress of white satin, and wore on her head a splendid tiara of diamonds. Prince Albert wore a field marshal's uniform, with the riband of the Order of the Garter. Her Majesty looked remarkably well, but seemed a little flushed, as if wearied with the exertions of the day. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which her Majesty was greeted during the whole of her progress. As she slowly proceeded up the Lloyd's merchants' room, she frequently bowed in acknowledgment of the hearty greeting of her loyal subjects. On arriving at the top of the room, her Majesty paused for a moment to contemplate the effigies of her illustrious predecessors. At this period the *coup-d'œil* was superb.

The various costumes, civil and military, of the different officers of state, and of the foreign ambassadors; the elegant, and, in many cases, magnificent attire of the ladies; the paraphernalia of the various city authorities, with a brilliant sun shining full into the room, produced an effect which can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Her Majesty, on leaving the Merchants' room, proceeded up the Subscription-room, where the Royal Banquet was prepared, and entered the Throne-room, where her Majesty received the address, to which she returned a most gracious answer. After the presentation of the address, her Majesty, accompanied by his Royal Highness Prince Albert and Suite, proceeded to the Banqueting-room.

The scene at this moment was one of great brilliancy and splendour. At the extreme end, the gorgeous service of plate was multiplied and reflected by the immense mirror immediately behind the Royal Table; the varied costumes, civil, military, and official, interspersed with the waving plumes, costly robes, and brilliant ornaments of the ladies, and the showy and here and there sombre robes of the civic dignitaries forming a relief to the more gaudy and glaring colours of the assemblage, with the banners, armour, and other decorations of the apartment, formed a picture of unequalled grandeur and beauty. Never was the pomp and splendour of a regal pageant more fittingly employed than in doing honour to the stately pile destined to be the rendezvous of the merchant princes of Great Britain, and the emporium of the commerce of the world; and never was the young and lovely Queen of the seas more appropriately placed than when surrounded by the representatives of the commercial greatness of England, to whose enterprise and energy this country is mainly indebted for its wealth and resources, and its pre-eminence in the arts of civilisation and refinement.

Upon the long tables there was a profusion of gold tazzas and ornaments, which were filled with flowers. These gave a very pleasing effect to the tables. The value of the plate in use on this occasion was stated to be upwards of £100,000. The menu of her majesty's table was very tastefully illuminated in blue and gold. On a gold dish, immediately before her majesty, were some remarkable fine grapes, presented by Mr. George Crawshaw, the well-known ironmaster. There was also a profusion of strawberries of a very large size upon the table, as well as some natural flowers of very rare description, beautifully arranged. They were supplied by Mr. Pamplin, of Leyton. In addition to these were some very delicately finished artificial flowers in wax, supplied by Menton, of Soho Square. The four long tables of the banqueting room were decorated with a variety of gold and silver ornaments, filled with very beautiful and choice flowers, both natural and artificial, the value of which perhaps may be gathered from the fact that the ladies ran away with the greater portion of them. We understand that those flowers must have been worth upwards of £50. Nine-tenths of them were, it is as well to state, carried off *sans permission*. In every one of the gold and silver ornaments was a handsome pineapple; the size and quality of these were the subject of general remark at the tables.

Grace was said by the Lord Bishop of London; and, at the conclusion of the repast, the heralds proclaimed silence, and the Lord Mayor said he had received her Majesty's permission to propose a toast. It was that of "Her Majesty." The whole company rose *en masse*, and responded in the most loyal manner in a flowing cup, the company in the adjoining apartments mingling their voices in the loud burst of enthusiasm with which it was received. Her Majesty bowed repeatedly, and was evidently much gratified at the truly enthusiastic reception of her name. The herald again proclaimed silence, and the Lord Mayor said he had received her Majesty's permission to propose another toast, and gave "The Health of Prince Albert." The toast was received in the same enthusiastic manner that characterised the response given to that of her Majesty. His Royal Highness repeatedly bowed his acknowledgements. The next toast proposed by the Lord Mayor was "The health of the Prince of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family," which was received with due honour. The last toast was "Prosperity to the City of London." Her Majesty drank the toast in a manner which evidenced the interest she feels in the prosperity of the trade and commerce of the city; and Prince Albert turned towards the Lord Mayor, and bowed in a marked manner to his Lordship.

At half-past two o'clock the Royal party left the banqueting-room amidst tumultuous cheering, which her Majesty acknowledged by repeatedly bowing in the most gracious manner.

At the conclusion of the entertainment Lord Delawarr expressed his entire satisfaction at the whole of the arrangements of her Majesty's table.

As soon as it was ascertained that her Majesty was about to leave the banqueting-room, there was a tremendous rush to the quadrangle to witness her departure, and the ceremony of the proclamation by the heralds. With some difficulty the Yeomen of the Guard contrived to form an avenue across the square, through which her Majesty was to pass to the western entrance; and at half-past two o'clock the procession, headed, as before, by the civic authorities, entered the quadrangle amidst the loud and enthusiastic acclamations of the assemblage. An open space having been formed in the centre of the area, the heralds advanced and made proclamation; and, silence having been commanded, her Majesty said—"It is our royal will and pleasure that this building be henceforth called the Royal Exchange." This announcement was followed by a loud and deafening shout; the trumpets again sounded; the military bands struck up with the national anthem; and, amidst the hearty cheers of her loyal and attached subjects, the Queen and her suite left the Exchange. On arriving at the western entrance, her Majesty turned round and bowed repeatedly to the company, and then withdrew, preceded by the Lord Mayor and the other civic functionaries to her carriage.

During her Majesty's stay in the Exchange, the scene outside the walls continued of the most lively description. The military bands alternately relieved each other, and the police had their time fully occupied. Shortly after one

o'clock the guard were again under arms; but it was not till past two o'clock that the six royal carriages, now drawn only by two horses, took their station in front of the Exchange. In place of the State carriage, drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, one of her Majesty's private carriages, with two horses, awaited her departure. At half-past two o'clock her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert, and attended in procession by the civic functionaries, descended the steps of the Exchange. Her Majesty's appearance was the signal for renewed cheering, in the midst of which her Majesty took her seat in her carriage, taking leave most graciously of the Lord Mayor and civic authorities. Her Majesty's attendants having walked to their carriages, the troop of Horse Guards took their stations before and after her Majesty's carriage, and the *cortege* then drove off at a smart trot towards the Poultry. The cream-coloured horses and State carriage, as well as the additional horses attached to the other carriages, having been observed returning without the Queen, for a time a report was spread that her Majesty had repaired directly to the terminus of the Great Western Railway, on her way to Windsor, where it was understood she had proposed to dine. Several retired in consequence from the park and the adjacent streets. The Queen, however, soon after three o'clock, having been observed returning in one of her private carriages at a rapid pace, with her escort and the carriages forming the *cortege* now drawn by two horses each, the assembled crowd again repeatedly greeted her Majesty with loud acclamations, and soon after separated.

Foreign Summary.

MR. SKEY.—This gentleman, who has gained great eminence as a surgeon, on the 12th inst. performed a singular operation in the presence of Messrs. Pasquier and Fauquier, the medical attendants on the King of the French:—A soldier of the name of Wright, in the 2d Queen's Regiment, received a ball in the knee at the storming of Ghuznee in the year 1839, which laid him up for many months, and deprived him of the use of his leg. The long-continued pain arising from this injury was so severe that his general health was rapidly sinking, and in this state, after having tried various other hospitals for relief, he applied to Mr. Skey to amputate his leg. That gentleman, upon examining the joint, finding an abscess on the outer condyle of the thigh-bone, came to the conclusion that the ball was lodged in the bone, and that by the following operation the leg might be spared. After having laid open the abscess, he dug a hole into the bone by means of a trephine, upon the withdrawal of which the ball was discovered at the bottom. He then loosened it by means of a screw, and, having isolated it with a gouge, succeeded in drawing it forth by means of a strong bone forceps. The operation did not occupy more than ten minutes in its performance; at the conclusion of which he was warmly greeted by his colleagues and highly complimented by the French surgeons.

SPAIN.—Private letters state that the Spanish government had received despatches from the frontier, announcing the arrest of several Spanish officers of superior rank, who were preparing to commence a civil war in Spain. It appears, likewise, that Brigadier Lemerich had quitted Valladolid, and no trace of him had been discovered. It would seem that the plan of a simultaneous insurrection had been formed in the provinces of Girona and Tarragona. Notwithstanding the capture of many of the chiefs, another dangerous personage, Quintana de Ponte de Melina, had succeeded in crossing the French frontier, and had actually entered the Ampudan with a party of insurgents. The government, in order to defeat the object of the insurgents, had despatched a regiment of infantry, forming part of the garrison of Madrid, to Logrono, and a regiment of cavalry to Valladolid. The manifesto of the Duke of Victory, which was published by the Madrid opposition journals of the 18th inst. and in which the phrase by which the duke offers his sword to maintain the constitution, coincides so completely with the period chosen to present the reform of the constitution, had produced considerable sensation amongst his friends.

THE NEW MOVEMENT IN IRELAND.—It would be rather "Irish" to say that the new movement for federalism stands still. Yet, at the present, there could be no better description given of the state of the federal and, we might almost add, the repeal agitations. There is, in truth, a calm in the political world. The little that was doing amongst the repealers had almost ceased since Mr. O'Connell's manifesto, announcing his preference for a federal parliament, and no other party has made any advance in aid of the ridiculous project. It is now nearly a fortnight since the first "rumours" were issued of a formidable coalition between all sections of the opposition, and the public were led to expect that some great deed had been executed, and was on the eve of being delivered to them; but, cruel to relate, nothing has transpired, or is even speedily promised, to gratify the prevailing curiosity.

THE EGYPTIAN RAILWAY.—The project of a railway across the desert has long been before the Pacha of Egypt, and at length it has been represented that the plans have been so matured, that, if the British capital were advanced, the great object in view would not long remain without accomplishment. It is stated that the pacha is prepared to assist in carrying out the proposed railway, and to render every aid in his power to facilitate the mails, and give protection to passengers proceeding to, or coming from, the East Indies, &c.

MR. GEORGE HORNCastle, the Vocalist.—This gentleman, who was one of the *corps operatique* of Drury-lane Theatre last season, died at his residence in Tavistock-place, on Sunday, in the prime of life.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S RECALL.—No one, says the *Morning Herald*, seems yet to be acquainted with the precise act that produced Lord Ellenborough's recall. Our contemporary is in error. The cause is known; and now that his lordship has returned, its longer suppression can answer no honest end. The court of directors had, towards the close of the year 1842, and in the early part of 1843, addressed to his lordship several despatches, censuring and disapproving of his general policy as too warlike, and of course too costly. To the majority of these despatches the Earl of Ellenborough replied in justificatory communications of considerable length; to the last, however, that he received, his lordship answered, that he regretted his general policy had not the approbation and concurrence of the court of directors; and that, convinced of its soundness, and supported by her majesty's ministers, he must continue to carry out that policy as if it had the full approbation of the court. This answer necessarily brought the difference existing between the court of directors and the governor-general of India to a crisis; and the former, after in vain applying to the government to join it in recalling his lordship, at last informed the board of control that it had unanimously resolved to exercise the extreme power conferred upon it by the charter act, and to cancel the Earl of Ellenborough's commission. This, we believe, the *Morning Herald* will find on inquiry to be substantially

the ultimate cause of the sudden termination of Lord Ellenborough's Indian government.

RECEPTION OF SIR ROBERT AND LADY SALE BY HER MAJESTY AT WINDSOR CASTLE.—Sir Robert and Lady Sale, who arrived at the castle on Wednesday last, on a visit to the Queen, were received by her Majesty in the most marked and gracious manner. The Queen manifested the most intense interest to hear from the lips of Lady Sale a narrative of those extraordinary privations and dangers to which her ladyship had been exposed in the East. The Queen listened with the deepest attention, and expressed herself in the warmest terms of congratulation at Lady Sale's happy and providential return to her native land. Sir Robert and Lady Sale took their departure from the castle on Thursday.

A SAPIENT JURY IN KENT.—At the Sandwich Sessions on Thursday last, "twelve wise men" returned a verdict of *Not Guilty*, in respect of a charge against a female prisoner, but accompanied it with the hope that she would not do it again.

General Count Essen died at St. Petersburg on the 5th ult. This distinguished military officer was formerly Governor of St. Petersburg. He was in his 70th year.

IRON CHURCH FOR JAMAICA.—A church has been sent out to Jamaica, as a specimen, as many of the kind are likely to be required. The pilaster supports are of cast iron, on which are fixed the frame roof, of wrought iron, of an ingenious construction, combining great strength with simplicity of arrangement; the whole is covered with corrugated iron, and the ceiling formed of panelled compartments, covered with felt, to act as a non-conductor of heat. The body of the church is 65 feet by 40; the chancel, 24 by 12; a robing-room and vestry are attached. The windows are glazed with plate-glass, one-eighth of an inch in thickness; the two chancel windows and four others are of stained glass. The cost of this iron church is £1,000.

Glasgow Chronicle.

A PRIEST'S VENGEANCE.—The "Courrier de l'Eure" gives the following anecdote:—"On the 14th instant a priest was walking near a wood, on his way from Louviers to Gaillon, followed by a man who, when they had arrived at the bottom of the valley, went up to him and said, 'Give me your purse if you wish to preserve your life.' The priest, without expressing the least symptom of alarm, replied, 'You address the wrong man, my friend; you will have neither the one nor the other.' The man then attacked him, but the priest got the upper hand, and the aggressor having begged for mercy, the priest said, 'Rise, and if you have been urged to this deed by poverty take my purse, which contains 22l., and be henceforward an honest man. Remember my vengeance and my name. I am the curé of Gaillon.' They then separated."

FORTIFICATION OF THE DARDANELLES.—A letter from Constantinople, Oct. 2, in the Augsburg Gazette, says:—"The Porte seems to have seriously come to the resolution to fortify and place in a state of defence the entrance of the Bosphorus on the Black Sea and the Dardanelles. Several officers of engineers have declared the present fortifications insufficient to prevent an enemy's fleet from effecting its passage, as it could compass its object by landing artillery to destroy the Turkish batteries. Artillerymen, to the number of 3000 will be sent to the Dardanelles, and 2000 to the forts at the entrance of the Bosphorus."

The "Presse" states that a curious phenomenon occupies at present the attention of the Parisian savans. There is living in the Rue d'Enfer a young operative who can only see by the light of the sun. After sunset he can distinguish no object, even if it be lighted by the most powerfully-concentrated artificial light. This infirmity, baptized by the name of *Nyctalopie*, appears to be at present irremediable.

DR. WOLFF.—We have just received, by express, a letter from our correspondent at Constantinople. We subjoin an extract:—"Constantinople, Oct. 17, 1844.—I am happy to be enabled to state, on the best authority, that advices have been received of the arrival of Dr. Wolff at Meru, on his way to Feheran. Having thus crossed the frontier of Bokhara, his personal safety has been ensured, and his return to the civilized world will be hailed with general satisfaction."

The Emperor of Morocco has had great need of Jews for commerce. No male Jew or child can leave the ports of Morocco without paying four dollars; a Jewess must pay 100 dollars. This excessive impost on the women is to keep them in Morocco as a pledge for the return of their husbands, brothers, and fathers.

THE LATE CARL MARIA V. WEBER.—At the recent re-interment, at Dresden, of the immortal composer of "Der Freyschutz," above a thousand persons of the highest distinction joined the funeral *cortege*. Cherubini's "Requiem" was performed on the occasion, whose name, with those of Jernelli and Mozart, was placed in an urn, to be decided by lot which of the three composers' "Requiem" was to be performed.

YOUNG FRANCE.—Voltaire describes his countrymen as a cross between the monkey and the tiger. Times have changed, and the generation of to day is rather a confusion of the monkey with the goat. The heroism of the Boulevards is downright hircine. The man is an appendage of the beard, not the beard of the man, as in the old age. When a party of young Frenchmen approach one, it is like the advance of a herd of goats, or the moving of a forest,—"Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane." If Macassar has done this, mighty is Macassar. Bear's grease it can hardly be, unless Ursula Major herself has been immolated to manure the moustaches of Monsieur. Imagine a city of Muntzes, or a tribe of Ellenboroughs, or a wilderness of Sibthorpes: we know no other or clearer way to give an idea of the Paris of '44. Paris was always most attractive, but its capillary attractions must now be enormous. If "beauty leads us by single hair," what must manhood do with as many hairs as there are sands in the African desert, or stars in the galaxy? Considering how natural is the love of proselytising, it is anything but surprising that France, having bearded itself, should endeavour to beard England.

New Monthly.

ON HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE CITY.

We've heard of comets, blazing things,
With "fear of change" perplexing Kings;
But, lo! a novel sight and strange,
A Queen who does not fear a 'Change!

INDUSTRY OF BEES.—The postmaster at Evanion had three hives in his garden this season. Each hive cast twice, and produced 275lbs. of virgin honey. One of the casts weighed 68lbs. of honey, and sold for 10d. per lb., realizing £2 16s. 8d., giving a daily income to the owner of 9d. per day for 75 days, being the exact number of days from the time it cast until taken down.

Ross-shire Advertiser.

Most of the French opposition papers express, in strong terms, their disapproval of the Duke of Wellington's wearing a sword which once belonged to Napoleon in the presence of the King of the French. As they must complain of something, it may as well be of that, as anything else.

SINGULAR HABITS OF A HORSE, AND EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE.—All the world knows that the artillery brigade of the Worcestershire Queen's Own are expert to a degree in the art and mystery of a cannoneer, but it may not be so generally known that the very horses of the brigade are something far beyond a mere common quadruped, not simply as to shape and other physical requisites, but in matters which so much approach the vaunted reason of their biped masters, that no one has as yet very clearly pointed out the distinction. For example, the leader of one of the guns is named "The Gentleman," and so proud is he of his post and title, that though gentle as a lamb at exercise, submitting to be harnessed as quietly as a donkey, and standing fire as resolutely as the Pyramids, he will not allow himself to be employed in any other species of labour. Then, he can open gates and shut them, and he has a way of hunting out the places in his walk where workmen leave their victual-bags, on which he will pounce, carry them to a place of security, and swallow the contents. He eats anything that comes in his way, like a Christian; and one of his foraging excursions was attended by so remarkable a coincidence that its history is worth telling. He was roaming one day lately over the domain of Hewell, when he fell in with the *provant* of one of the artillerymen who was at work in an arch-way on the grounds. He scampered off to enjoy the spoil, but Mr. Gentleman had been observed, and notice of the robbery having been given to the owner of the prey, he left the drain, and gave chase to the marauder. Having overtaken the thievish steed, and recovered his prog, the man returned to his work, when lo! in his absence, the arch had fallen in, and so, but for the fortunate circumstance of Gentleman stealing his dinner, and his consequent pursuit, it must have fallen upon him, and then, beyond a doubt, he would have met an untimely death.

EXTRAORDINARY AND DANGEROUS FEAT.—On Saturday evening last, about four o'clock, a large crowd of persons were collected in Sackville-street, Dublin, in consequence of seeing two young men standing on the top of Nelson's Pillar. One of them, a fine young fellow, about 16 or 17 years of age, began to ascend the figure, and after "tugging away" for some time he succeeded in getting on the "capstan," which is placed behind the colossal statue of the great naval hero. From this position it was not very hard to ascend the figure itself, which he had accomplished, and having looked round him for a moment he seated himself with the greatest apparent complacency on the head of the figure, where he continued several minutes waving his cap. He then raised himself and stood on the head of the figure, first on both, and then on one foot, in which perilous situation he remained several minutes, while the most painful anxiety existed among the observers for his safety. Having descended, his companion, who appeared somewhat his senior in years, and who was dressed in a frock coat, went through a similar evolution; and then both ascended the figure together, and taking hold of each other's hand they stood, with one leg (each) for a considerable time on the granite head of the immortal Nelson. It was blowing a strong breeze, and it was painful to witness the dangerous position of the youths at this moment; but they descended without any accident, and on coming into the street they were loudly cheered. They refused to give their names—nor would they say if the feat was done for a wager, which is supposed to be the case.

A CAUTIOUS JUDGE.—The late Chief Baron O'Grady, father of the gallant officer, (Lord Guillemore) aid-de-camp to her Majesty, tried two most notorious fellows at the Carlow assizes, for highway robbery. To the astonishment of the court, as well as the prisoners themselves, they were found not guilty! As they were being removed from the bar, the Judge, in that manner so peculiarly his own, addressing the jailor said—"Mr. Murphy, you will greatly ease my mind, if you keep these two respectable gentlemen till seven or half-past seven o'clock, for I mean to set out for Dublin at five, and I should like to have at least two hours start of them."

On the 15th of October, Mr. Rodolphe d'Egnold brought down, in Mr. Ismael de Gombairville's park, at Briqueseuse, (Manche,) a royal eagle. This noble bird wore round its throat a gold collar, on which was engraved the following inscription;—*Caucasus patria, fulgur nomen, Bandinski dominus mihi, 1750*—(Caucasus is my country, Lightning my name, Bandinski my master.) This magnificent bird, nearly a century old, was sent to M. Chion, Director of St. Lo.

FATHER MATHEW IN TROUBLE.—The Cork Examiner says:—"What will you think, Irishmen, when we tell you that Father Mathew, the benefactor of your country, the admiration of the world, has been publicly arrested in Dublin for the balance of a debt due to a maker of temperance medals, and that while in the very act of administering the temperance pledge? The bailiff, like a second Judas, came up to Father Mathew, saying, 'Father Mathew, your blessing!' and while the good man called down a blessing upon the head of the wretch, he took a writ from his pocket, and, thrusting it into the hand of Father Mathew, told him he arrested him, and then asked for his forgiveness!"

PUBLIC BATHS.—"Once on a time a French doctor came to Damascus to seek his fortune. When he saw the luxurious vegetation, he said, 'This is the place for me—plenty of fever.' And then, on seeing the abundance of water, he said, 'More fever—no place like Damascus.' When he entered the town he asked the people, 'What is this building?' 'A bath.' 'And what is that building?' 'A bath.' 'And that other building?' 'A bath.' 'Curse on the baths, they will take my bread out of my mouth,' said the doctor; 'I must seek fever practice elsewhere.'"—The Modern Syrians, &c., by an Oriental Student. Uncleanliness is in truth the cause of half the diseases of mankind.

DELICATE ATTENTION.—A QUEER STORY.—During the stay of Louis Philippe at Windsor, the Field Marshal Prince Albert, it is reported, surprised her Majesty's illustrious guest at table by presenting to him, with his own hands, a dish of nicely-prepared frogs. The King of the French acknowledged this mark of polite attention by a handsome speech, declaring, however, that he was so well pleased with English fare as to hope to be pardoned if he declined partaking of what was so kindly intended for him. His Majesty at the same time placed his hand to his heart as usual. His Royal Highness the Field Marshal had been previously seen looking very earnestly over the grounds in the Park within sight of the Queen's windows, and it was supposed the Prince had lost something—but his Royal Highness is believed to have been all the while engaged in *frog-stalking*, with an eye to the French national dish. Finding, however, that frogs were harder to be got than Frenchmen, a messenger was dispatched to Fortnum's, Piccadilly, for a supply of the potted article, with a view to the special delectation of his Gallic Majesty.

Mr. Gavan Duffy, editor of the "Nation," has addressed a letter to Mr. O'Connell, deprecating his adoption of Federalism.

WANTED.—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, of Vol. II., and 6 and 18 of Vol. III., of the Anglo American, for which one shilling each will be given at this office.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 93-4 a 10 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1844.

The arrival of the Mail per *Britannia*, last Saturday morning, enabled us to get the "latest intelligence" into a considerable portion of that day's edition; there was, however, so little to relate, and that little of no importance, that we need hardly recapitulate it here.

One remarkable circumstance, however, is deserving of notice, that namely of the all-accomplished mind which is attributed in certain quarters to Lord Ellenborough. After playing his part at home for many years in Civil statesmanship, he is sent out as Viceroy where the duties are of the most onerous and difficult character, and where he quickly resolves to be ambidexter, wielding the martial sword with one hand and that of Themis with the other. On his recal from his civico-military life, he receives additional honours for having displeased his controllers, and the report next is that he is to be placed at the head of the British *Naval* administration. It is true that too often the capabilities of wonderful men remain occult until they become developed by the force of unforeseen circumstances, but in the case before us the development has occurred in the inverted order. The Duke proved himself a soldier before he became known in statesmanship, and even in his martial capacity he only pretends to superiority in one branch of warfare. But our modern Crichton is ready for any or for all public service, and we doubt not that in all he will be equally effective. Nevertheless, it would have been somewhat of a compliment to the nation, if the ministry had been less hasty and even less, liberal in their bestowal of rewards, considering that there is no sitting of the legislature, and that there is no very urgent necessity for these distinctions.

There is one thing in the deportment of the Noble Lord's successor in India which indicates the sagacious and strong minded functionary. Sir Henry Hardinge makes no idle professions of the kind of government he intends to practise. He looks steadily on, and observes the course of affairs; he acts according to circumstances, though peaceably inclined, consequently, as he does not violate any pledges, he does not deceive any expectations. Yet his Excellency is a soldier and a tried one; he knows too well what are the horrors of war, and will only assume a warlike attitude for the purpose of promoting peace.

The Agitator, Mr. O'Connell, seems to be driven into a corner. Repeal, direct Repeal, is becoming an unpalatable word, and somewhat dangerous, he therefore now presses the Federal—aye, that's the word—the Federal system upon the notice of his followers; but they do not like the system of "veer and haul," it wears the ropes and does not help the progress of the ship; the consequence is, and a most important consequence it is too—that the rent diminishes sensibly. We should not be surprised to find him turning round, in a short time, upon his deluded and now distressed followers, and upbraiding them with inconstancy and ingratitude in ceasing to pay for that which they find neither attainable, nor worth the price. If those who have hitherto paid so dear for their whistle, and which after all is but a "vox et præterea nihil," would contribute, but in the proportion of one tenth of their past liberality, to the necessities of the Apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew, they would indeed be doing good service. This excellent man, and zealous reformer in the best sense of the word, has expended all his worldly fortune in the important cause of Temperance, and has been the blessed instrument of moral reform to tens of thousands; let us see whether his countrymen and admirers will shew themselves as grateful for substantial benefits, as they have hitherto been anxious for such as are at best of a speculative nature.

The steadiness of the Cotton market and of the exchange between England and this country, is calculated we should suppose to inspire confidence among the commercial community, and not a little to regulate the extent of imports and exports across the Atlantic. Money, however, seems to be a drug in England, and the capitalists do not appear to like foreign investments. The idea is almost a monstrous one to contemplate, that Railway projects are on foot there involving expense of more than seventy millions sterling. This Rail steaming, we suspect, will at length be overdone, but, when cupidity invites, it is only a tight pinch that can check it.

We sincerely rejoice to perceive the noble and truly charitable spirit which is beginning to be manifested in the British Metropolis, with regard to certain important comforts and conveniences to the Poor. We allude to the project of constructing public baths and washing-houses, at a cost so small as to come within the means of the most lowly in point of social position; thus contributing to the maintenance of health, comfort, and sense of decency, and thus ministering in an eminent degree both to general benefit and to individual self-respect, among a class too much disposed perhaps to give way on those points, to difficulties which may be presented against the ordinary facilities to those useful ends. This salutary project has already been adopted with great success in Liverpool, and begins to attract attention in the densely packed manufacturing towns, where the laboring population, yielding more or less to the persuasion of their employers may be induced without much difficulty to avail themselves of these aids; but it is in the Great Modern Babylon that its benefits may be most largely felt, when those who are its objects can be brought to partake of its good. The poor of the Metropolis are far more apart and distinct from the more affluent classes, than those of the country, they are brought under the dangerous influence of idleness, mendicancy, and that which is still worse—the congregating together in idle or vicious propensities. Hence, the

supporters of this bathing and washing scheme, as they will confer a two-fold benefit, will have also a two-fold labor. They will have to induce in the first place, and encourage *continuance*, in the second. But the affair is well taken up, and is in good hands, it may therefore be expected that what is begun in influential benevolence, will be well followed up by those who are of kindred dispositions, and that even fashion itself will follow in this wake of philanthropy.

The arguments in favor of such a system are, perhaps, hardly so strong here, as in the Old World,—but the difference is only in degree; as the purities of this, as well as of other large cities, can exhibit in lamentably strong colours, a similar state of things among the poor, the distressed, the lazy, and the dissipated; many of these might easily be brought into a love of cleanliness, followed by a becoming self-respect, and a salutary change of disposition, by the aid of such accommodations as those to which we here allude; and we well believe that if the subject were properly taken up, there would be no lack of substantial encouragement on the part of the more affluent in the good city of New York. The experiment is at least worth the trial.

TO ADVERTISERS GENERALLY.—We take pleasure in referring those who desire to advertise extensively, to the Advertisement of Messrs. Mason & Tuttle, which will be found under the appropriate head in our columns. They have been for some time largely engaged in the kind of business on which they there speak, and it will be seen by their plan, which recommends itself to general notice, that persons requiring insertion of advertisements in any paper or papers, no matter where, have only to give one copy, together with the names of the papers in which they should appear, to Messrs. Mason & Tuttle, and no farther trouble in the matter is requisite on the part of the Advertisers. We doubt not that our business men will encourage this useful undertaking, particularly because Messrs. M. & T. have been at great pains and expense in maturing their plan, which now works with the most satisfactory precision.

. The Advertisement of Mr. Thompson, of Washington, in our columns of to-day will be found well worthy of general attention. This gentleman who is a Justice of the Peace and a Police Magistrate in the District of Columbia, will be found exceedingly useful and prompt in regard to the collection of accounts and the management of claims within the bounds of action which he has laid down for himself; from his public capacity he must possess many peculiar facilities, and we would strongly recommend to those of our readers who may have occasion to use such assistance as is there proffered, to avail themselves of Mr. Thompson's valuable services.

CRICKET.

We cannot restrain a slight explosion of gratified vanity, on perceiving the manner in which "Bell's Life in London" notices our report of the late match between Eleven Members of the St. George's Cricket Club, of New York, and Eleven Gentlemen, of all Canada. The report is found in that Journal of the 20th ult., and in a copious, though condensed account, from our circumstantial details; but the concluding remarks are so flattering to our good judgment, that we take the liberty to quote them. The editor writes thus: ["Abridged from the Anglo American of Sept. 23, which has also some excellent remarks on the duties of Wicket-keepers and Umpires, although it is not intended in the slightest degree to doubt the honest intentions of those gentlemen who officiated on the occasion, but which we hope they will attentively peruse and profit by."] Of such notice from what is justly considered official, if not legal, authority, in manly sports, one may well feel justly proud.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

MR. PHILLIP'S SACRED CONCERT AT THE TABERNACLE.—This most perfect gem of vocalism which has ever been presented to a musical audience in this country, was given on Wednesday evening to—we blush whilst we write it—a comparatively thin house. Of all the singers, of the male qualities of voice, who have exhibited their powers on this side the Atlantic, we take our stand in asserting that he is not only the superior, but incomparably the superior. In compass of voice he is pure and clear, from the lowest depths of the bass to a considerable height in the tenor, and he does not utter a tone that is imperfect; though avoiding, as he would a moral evil, the bellowing tone, too common among *bassi*, he has abundantly volume enough to be heard clearly, and to enunciate with becoming spirit the *forte* parts of vocalism; superior to all the tinsel ornaments of inferior and mere mechanical artists, he rests his claims, as an accomplished vocalist, upon a clear, plain, and graceful enunciation of the original text of the composer, with just so much ornament as seems to denote the tasteful artist, and with a feeling that goes directly to the heart of the attentive hearer. We confess to the most unqualified delight as we listened to his selections from Handel, Haydn, and Sir John Stevenson; we were confirmed in the value of a masterly recitative, as produced through the medium of such a voice, under the controlling power of such an understanding of the subject, and so chaste a notion of the melody. Delight and admiration are terms too feeble to express our sensations whilst listening to him, nor is pity an adequate expression of our feelings as we thought of the many who were at the moment sacrificing taste to—fashion. Our faithful remarks come too late to aid him here, could we even suppose them of weight enough to do so; he departs immediately to the south, but we would fain offer to him the meed of our unlimited approval and admiration, and advise our southern readers that he is coming among them.

With the exception of Mr. Loder, who ably accompanied him on the piano, Mr. Phillips was the sole performer, on Wednesday evening. Each piece was

prefaced by him with some notice as to its origination, peculiarity, or other valuable information, which still further enhanced the enjoyment of the music; and he also gave some curious remarks and musical illustrations as to Hebrew musical notation, and the never-varying melodies which belong relatively to the several religious services of that nation.

On Thursday and Friday evenings he gave secular concerts at Niblo's Saloon.

PALMO'S OPERA HOUSE.—On Monday evening the opera of "Lucrezia Borgia," by Donizetti, was produced here, on which occasion Mdle. Borghese made her appearance, and Madame Pico, with her delightful contralto, had to assume the male attire. The latter has still added to the "golden opinions" which she had gained in the previous opera of "Chiara di Rosenberg," and at the close of the piece she was loudly called for. We fear that the circumstance may lay the foundation of an imbroglio between the two *artistes*, for Borghese answered the call, and discovered that it was for another. This opera may be considered one of Donizetti's best; it had, however, some difficulties to encounter in its road to popularity in England, but finally it surmounted them, and became established in public favor. We fear that this undertaking does not prosper greatly.

THE MISSES SLOMAN'S CONCERT, AT THE APOLLO ROOMS.—The elder of these two fair artistes we have had occasion to notice, as we deemed her to deserve—that is, very favorably—more than two years ago. She was then a Pianist of much positive merit, and giving promise of much more. Since then she has been making vast accessions to her skill, and her sister has acquired a high reputation as a harpist. These two young ladies, assisted by their father in the vocal department, will give a musical soirée at the Apollo Rooms on Wednesday evening next, and we feel assured that a high treat may be anticipated. We believe that besides their practical accomplishments the Misses Sloman are good musicians in theory.

¶ We had occasion last week to mention the promising musical qualities of the young *debutante* at the Italian Opera, Miss Moss. Since then we have been favored with an opportunity of hearing the young lady off the stage, and under circumstances which relieved her from the restraints of a new and difficult profession. She sang several of the most favorite airs from Mozart's "Clemenza de Tite," and some of a very difficult character from Weber's "Oberon," also portions of Haydn's "Creation," in all of which displayed much taste, tolerable force, and an intimate knowledge of the principles of vocalism. She has been long a pupil of Mr. Penson, perhaps the very best master in this country; but the best proof of her merits may be found in the fact that one of the Italian troupe has had the presumption to call her his pupil, solely from having instructed her in the pronunciation of a few Italian words.

NEW MUSIC.

Mr. Millet has just published the following new and popular Music, at his Music Saloon, No. 329 Broadway:—

"Then you'll remember me."—This is a favorite ballad in the new Opera, by Balfe, called "The Bohemian Girl;" it is for the tenor voice, and is charmingly sung at the Park Theatre by Mr. Frazer. The accompaniments add greatly to the sweetness of this composition.

"I dream'd that I dwelt in Marble Halls," is a very sweet melody, sung by Mrs. Seguin in the same Opera, and having also the advantage of agreeable instrumentation. On the stage its accompaniment is on the harp, and the same harmony is here retained for the Pianoforte. Both these pieces are warmly encored in the Operatic performance.

"The Fair Land of Poland."—This is an air for the tenor, in a martial strain; it is sung by Mr. Frazer in the last act of "The Bohemian Girl."

"The heart bow'd down."—A song for either a Bass or a Barytone voice in the same Opera, as all the preceding.

These four airs are considered the gems of the new Opera, as solos, and they have already acquired a large degree of popularity.

The following is just published by Mr. W. H. Oakes, of Boston, Massachusetts:—

"The Lone Old Man."—The poetry of this beautiful ballad is by Hon. Mrs. Norton, and the Music by Mr. Jas. G. Maeder. On both these accounts it has superior claims on the musical public; the Lady's taste and talents are acknowledged on both sides of the Atlantic, and the beautiful smoothness of Mr. Maeder's ballad music is deserving of warm approbation. This edition is finely embellished by a tinted lithographic print of "The lone old Man."

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—The management never judged with better tact than in changing the department of stage performances, from the spoken Drama to Opera, immediately upon the conclusion of Mr. Anderson's engagement. The acting of this very talented young artist is of the highest order, and should Providence spare him—as we most fervently wish—in half a dozen years from this time he will stand unequalled in the highest walks of the drama. On Friday, 22d inst., Mr. Anderson took his benefit, and appeared on the occasion as Charles Brissac, in "The Elder Brother," a play by Beaumont and Fletcher, which our ingenious artist had somewhat altered and adapted, in the dialogue, to modern times and feelings in point of language. It is almost unnecessary to observe here, that the characters of those plays written by the dramatists of those days, Shakespeare being the only splendid exception, are all highly coloured, overcharged, in fact, considering them as representatives of living, speaking, moving, acting, human creatures, and that to enjoy them in the fullest spi-

rit, they must be considered as abstractions, as representatives of certain passions, feelings, or idiosyncrasies, predominant in each; these, being brought artificially together, according to the plot, furnish the ground-work of the entertainment, and, thus viewed, the audience is in a fit frame to enjoy the splendid dialogue and action which ensues. Mr. Anderson's Charles, considered in this light, is a capital performance, and he has most judiciously assisted the text by his admirable play of the character. Here we have a fine, handsome, graceful, manly young fellow, wasting or obscuring all his natural qualities and advantages, through an inordinate passion for literature, which, though it does not make him a pedant, gives him all the character of a simpleton, for he is absolutely ignorant of all the common affairs of life, and of almost anything beyond the confines of his study. Such a man is ready to sign away his rights in the family estate to a younger brother, as matters too drossy for his sublimated ideas, and would do so but for the circumstance of seeing the beautiful being who, with the family property, is to be given to that brother. The sight of her is the Promethean torch which mans him. Ideas crowd upon him; he becomes at once aware of his brother's (really) unworthy character as a mere superficial, coxcombical courtier; he drinks in large draughts of love, and feels in a moment what would be his pangs if so glorious a creature were to be lost to him, and consigned to one so undeserving of such a treasure. He drops the book-worm, and assumes the manly "Elder Brother," he refuses to be the tool of a sordid father and a selfish brother, he gains the lady's love, and maintains the right she bestows upon him with a courage and skill altogether paralyzing to those who had never studied him, and knew nothing of his latent qualities. All this is finely embodied by Mr. Anderson, who is elegant and graceful even as the devoted student, but as he gradually becomes excited by passion, his carriage becomes more noble, his bearing less constrained, his language less formal, and more poetical, he is forcible, without being declamatory, mild without over meekness, determined without surliness, and is, in short, a model of manly grace, vigour, and accomplishment. Here we do indeed see the title of the play enforced, that "Love makes a man," and this young actor richly deserved the plaudits which fell in torrents upon him. The whole play was well cast, and was throughout effective. Fisher acted the worldly and sensual father exceedingly well, and Chippendale was not a whit behind him in the good-hearted, choleric uncle, who loved Charles and his learning, though the latter was altogether beyond his comprehension. Dyott's Eustace, the younger brother, was one of the best representations we have witnessed by him, and the change from affected follies to the consciousness of what he should be, was very well done. Skerrett would have been very excellent in Andrew if he had not been somewhat redundant in his action, and Mrs. Abbott's fault, perhaps her only one on this occasion—was her sadly over-great rapidity of utterance. Even the subordinate characters of the Waiting-maid, by Mrs. Knight, Lilly, a village girl, by Mrs. Duvenel, and the Old Lord by Barry, were made comparatively important by the effective style of the representatives of those respective characters. In short, the performance was a triumph of the legitimate drama. The house was literally crammed to the very roof, numbers could not get in at all, and the piece was again played on Saturday night, to an audience as large as the preceding. We need scarcely add that Anderson was called out to receive the honours on both nights, to which he made short graceful replies.

On Monday evening last the Operatic season commenced here with "The Bohemian Girl," a splendid composition by Balfe, which has for some time been, and still is, running in the full tide of popular favour. Before we enter upon its performance here, it may be well to give a brief account of the plot, which we shall do by slightly condensing the description appended to the little printed book of songs for use here. It is as follows:—

"The story is closely adapted from the ballet of the 'Gipsy,' produced at the Park Theatre about three years ago. The author has transferred the scene from Scotland to Hungary. Thaddeus is an exiled Pole, who, to screen himself from his pursuers, joins a band of gipsies, and subsequently ingratiates himself into a certain Count's favour by saving his beloved child from the fury of a hunted stag. This child, in the very moment of thanksgiving for her safety, is, out of revenge, stolen by one of the gipsies, Devilshoof, and thus ends act the first. An interval of twelve years is supposed to take place between the first and second acts, when the little *Perdita* appears

"In the full bloom of womanhood array'd."

She is in love with the preserver of her life, and is betrothed to him, by the form of the Gipsy Queen's ritual. This Queen entertains a secret passion for the Pole herself, and as her power is not despotic, contrives to get his "devoted" arraigned of theft, and brought before the Count, who is chief judge in the district; and the gipsy girl, *Arlene*, is found to be the long lost child of the sorrowing Count. There occur several obstacles to the total comfort of all parties, which, however, are satisfactorily removed at length; and the exiled Pole Thaddeus, having proved himself worthy of an alliance with the house of Count Arnheim, receives his daughter, accompanied by the parent's benison."

We cannot too warmly praise the liberality of the manager for the way in which this charming opera has been brought out; in every respect the *mise en scene* is in the highest degree creditable, and the audiences have been quick to perceive, and prompt to acknowledge the thousand little matters which constitute the agreeable whole of this representation. The scenery is new, artistic, and appropriate, the dresses are specially for this opera, the processions well managed, full, and harmonizing in their details, the stage-manager himself busily, but unostentatiously, moving about, to keep matters in their best telling order, the dancing well drilled and highly effective, the very elite of the establishment dressed appropriately, to stand as spectators of the great procession, instead of leaving that part of the business to stupid supernumeraries picked up for the occasion. This last was exceedingly well received by the audience, as an attention to good taste, which added highly to the general ef-

fectiveness of the piece. But the music, vocal and instrumental. We were strongly impressed throughout that the composer had availed himself largely of the ideas of others whilst working upon this opera, but he has certainly made good use of his elements, which he has moulded into a pleasing whole, likely to stand its ground well among the musical productions of the day. The overture, as all overtures should be, is a kind of synopsis or index of the opera itself, and also makes its chief movement from the most striking ballad of the piece; it contains snatches of the melodies, put together much in the manner of Weber, more particularly of the "Preciosa" of that author; and, in fact, there is some general similarity, both in the music and in the libretto, of these two operas. There is very little in "The Bohemian Girl" which comes under the popular denomination of *Singing Music*, that is, of pieces which will be adopted in the Drawing Room, or whistled in the streets; its character is chromatic, the melodies are somewhat forced, and lack sweet simplicity, but they become pleasing when heard under the advantages of the orchestral instrumentation, the last quality being very excellent in this composition. The music most likely to attain popularity consists of the four ballads which we have mentioned elsewhere to-day. Of the vocalists, we shall pay our respects first to Mr. Frazer, as being a debutant. He is a very delightful tenor vocalist, and particularly acceptable now when tenors are so scarce. His enunciation is graceful and appropriate, his tones true and elastic, he uses the *voce di testa* very largely and well, and consequently can go high up the scale without offending either the hearing or the sight; he has a reasonable but not great volume of voice, and his main, perhaps only defect is, the shake, of which he has none whatever. In general this is of little consequence, for the modern style of vocalism requires not much of it, nevertheless occasions arise when it is indispensable, and it would surely be desirable for him to surmount that difficulty by labor and study. There is much feeling in Mr. Frazer's style of singing, and we should say that he will be a very popular artist among us. The ballad of "You'll remember me," sung by him, was exceedingly well received and encored. Of Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, always favorites among us, we are warranted in saying they have brought back here an increased raciness of taste. Mrs. Seguin's pretty ballad, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," was given in exquisite style; the *motif* is a borrowed idea, familiar to many an ear, but it is charmingly dished up, and highly effective. Mr. Seguin had not much to sing, of a distinct character, but his vocalism and his acting were the "leaven" pervading the whole opera, always perceptible, always essential, but hardly ever distinctly manifested. His bass part in the Quartett, sung without orchestral accompaniment, was delicious. The quartett itself was sung by Mesdames Seguin and Knight, Messrs. Seguin and Frazer. Mrs. Knight, as the Gipsy Queen, was a very able auxiliary both in singing and acting; and this reminds us that, in the printed libretto, although she has much to do, and that, too, of importance, her name and the character are left out of the *dramatis personæ*. This may be either from carelessness or purpose; if the former, it is a blamable negligence, if the latter, it is uncandid. The part of Count Arnheim was ill-sustained by Mr. Andrews, who laboured under a very severe cold. Mr. Chubb deserves the highest commendation for his manner of conducting and leading, which tended greatly to the general good effect. This opera will have a long run.

BOWERY THEATRE.—This house is generally successful in making a permanent stand with a new piece: the "Putnam" was pre-eminently so, and the "Marion" seems destined to "tread in the steps," &c.; that distinguished actor, *The Horse*, also displays a praiseworthy versatility, and contributes as largely to present as to past success here.

MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Along with old favorites the manager is now giving "The Revolt of the Harem," which he brought out in so excellent a style at Niblo's during the summer. It is altogether as well, perhaps better deserving public approbation now. Mr. Mitchell possesses in those sisters' Vallée, valuable acquisitions to his establishment, for they are light, graceful, and airy dancers, who never fail to please in whatever they undertake.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—With such attractions as Brougham, the best representative now living, in Irish characters; and Yankee Hill, equally so in those of the Eastern States, it would be strange indeed that this house should have a thin audience. We believe the thing is now unknown there, except in name.

The following Advertisement has been received just when our paper was put to press. The subject, however, is such as demands the earnest attention of the Members of the Society, and we would therefore earnestly press it upon them. The heavy demands upon the Society, more particularly at the beginning of a winter which threatens to be a severe one, will doubtless excite general commiseration.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.—An adjourned Meeting of this Society will be held at Messrs. Clark & Brown's, Maiden Lane, on Thursday, the 5th Dec., at 1 o'clock P.M., to receive the Report of the Committee appointed at a Meeting of the Society, held on the 28th inst., in relation to the expediency of a Concert in aid of the Charitable Fund. Punctual attendance is earnestly requested.
n20-11)

RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20, 1844.

M. M. NOAH, Esq.—Sir,—The inclemency of the weather on the evening on which you delivered your discourse on the "Restoration of the Jews," prevented many from attending who were anxious to be present; and those who did attend, are so strongly impressed with the good effects resulting from an enlarged and liberal view of that important subject, that we respectfully request you to repeat the discourse at your earliest convenience.

James Harper, Wm. B. Astor, James R. Whiting, John B. Crosby,
Alex. M. Burrill, Wm. Kelly, Charles Williams, Washn. Q. Morton,
George Sullivan, Pm. Milledorr, W. W. Phillips, John Lillie,
Wm. B. Crosby, J. K. Rodgers, B. R. Winthrop, Saml. J. Beebe,
John A. McVicar, Abm. Van Nest.

In compliance with the above request, the discourse will be repeated on Monday evening, Dec. 2d, at the Tabernacle, Broadway, where tickets may be had.

A Perilous Adventure.—A young gentleman of this city was the hero of the following singular adventure a short time since. He was on his way to this city on board the Swallow, and asleep in his berth in the forward cabin. In his sleep he thrust himself through the small window of his berth, and did not awake till his feet touched the water. Being aware of his situation, he held on to the window-sill with all his strength, and roared for help with all his lungs. But the noise of the paddle-wheels drowned his cries, and our poor wight finding his strength fast failing him, managed to swing himself on to one of the braces which support the guards. On this welcome roost he perched himself with great thankfulness, and began to take a calmer view of his singular position. There he sat with not a rag of clothing but his shirt and drawers—in a cold November night—drenched to the skin with the spray from the wheel—and in continual fear that if he fell off his roost and was not drowned, his brains would certainly be knocked out by the tremendous paddles that were beating the water with marvellous rapidity, and with 300 horse power, within a few feet of him.

This, as our readers will easily perceive was a condition of things that might well appal the stoutest heart. On rushed the rapid Swallow with arrowy swiftness to her destination, and the faster she flew over the waters the closer did our disconsolate young man cling to his perch. At last, being almost exhausted he discovered a window within reach, and forthwith began to knock and cry for admittance. The occupant of the berth from which the window opened was a lumber merchant from Brooklyn, and was of course considerably surprised at being awakened by a visitor from the outside of the boat. When thoroughly awake and satisfied that he was not dreaming, but that some poor devil had, somehow or other, managed to place himself in a most extraordinary and unheard of position, he arose and going to the captain, communicated to him all he knew about the matter. The captain, as was natural, at first set him down for a crazy man, but on his assuring him that he was perfectly sane, stopped the boat, ordered the yawl to be lowered, and thus rescued our poor hero, (who had begun to think he should be compelled to make his *entree* into Troy in that unique style,) from his cold and uncomfortable perch.

Troy Whig.

PARK THEATRE.

THE Grand Opera of "The Bohemian Girl" continuing to be received with enthusiastic applause, will be repeated every evening this week.

Arlene..... Mrs. SEGUIN.
Thaddeus..... Mr. FRAZER.
Devilshoof..... Mr. SEGUIN.

GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.

THE Public is respectfully informed that a Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert will take place on Wednesday evening, 4th December, at the Apollo Rooms, Broadway, on which occasion

MISS ELIZABETH SLOMAN
and MISS ANNE SLOMAN

will make their first appearance in New York, assisted by Mr. JOHN SLOMAN.

The Music to be performed will be from the works of great composers for the Harp, Piano and Voice.

Full particulars in future Advertisements. Programmes to be obtained at the Music Stores. Tickets of admission 50 cents. The Concert to commence at 8 o'clock. (n.30)

APARTMENTS WITH OR WITHOUT BOARD.—A couple of gentlemen or a lady and gentleman may meet with very superior permanent accommodations by applying at No. 137 Hudson Street, St. John's Park. The most satisfactory references will be given and required.

COUNTRY ADVERTISING!

Advertisements for the New York and Country Newspapers are received at the office of

MASON & TUTTLE,

128 Nassau Street, Opposite Clinton Hall,

And transmitted to any paper in the UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND THE WEST INDIES.

THIS Agency, which has been some time established and is now in successful operation, will be found useful to those who wish to advertise, in any of the Country Newspapers, as by this means, &c. considerable labor, expense and delay is saved to the Advertiser, for in whatever number of papers an advertisement may be ordered to appear, only one copy of it is required, while the charge is the same as made by the respective publishers.

A File of all the principal Papers published in the United States and Canada is kept at the Office, with a List of Terms, the population of the Towns, and the Counties through which the several papers circulate. n.30-1f.

NOTICE.—W. THOMPSON, General Agent and Collector, Washington City, attends to the Collection of Accounts, and any other Agency and Commission Business, which may be entrusted to him by Publishers, Merchants, and others having subscribers or claims in the District of Columbia.

REFERENCES—Messrs. Sturges, Bennett, & Co., Walker & McHenry, J. O. Sullivan, and A. D. Paterson, Esq. n.30-1m.

GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.

MASTER GIOVANNI SCONCIA, violinist, aged 13 years, will give a grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert at the Tabernacle, Broadway, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 3d ensuing, at which he will be assisted by Miss Josephine Bramston, aged 9 years, on the Piano-forte, by Madame Ricci, &c., and with a full and effective orchestra.

Master Sconcia and Miss Bramston are both natives of the city of New York, and have received their entire musical education here. This is their second appearance in public. Tickets \$1 each, may be obtained at the principal music stores. The Concert is to take place at 8 o'clock. (Nov. 23.)

M. R. BRISTOW, Professor of Music, &c., would be very happy to receive a few pupils on the Organ or Piano Forte. For terms &c., apply at 95 Eldridge-street. Lessons in Harmony, Composition, &c. (Nov. 23-6m.)

INTRODUCTION.

Public Notice to the Commercial Interests of New York.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietor of the Marine Telegraph Flags, and Semaphore Signal Book, having supplied above two thousand sail of American vessels, including the Government Vessels of War and Revenue Cutters, informs the Commercial, Mercantile, and Trading Interests of New York, that he is now ready to furnish sets of Telegraph Flags, with Designating Telegraph Numbers, and Signal Books for Ships, Barques, Brigs, Schooners, Sloops, and Steamboats, for Fifteen dollars, complete for conversation.

Having received from the Merchants' Exchange Company, the *gratuitous use* of their building for the purpose of facilitating the operations of his Semaphore Telegraph system of Marine Signals, and in conjunction with Mr. A. A. LEGGET, of the Telegraphs in Wall-street, at the Narrows, and the Highlands, it is contemplated to furnish the several Pilot Boats with sets of the Marine Signals, by which means, the earliest information of vessels' arrivals will be announced from the office, and the Telegraph Numbers displayed at the Merchants' Exchange, as soon as announced from below.

Vessels on approaching the land from Sea, are requested to hoist their Conversation Flag, and show their Telegraph Designating Numbers, and to keep them flying until they have passed the Telegraph Stations below.

Signal Book (a pocket edition) will be furnished each owner of all those vessels in the possession of the Marine Telegraph Flags, *gratuitously*.

Sets of Flags, Designating Numbers, and Signal Books in constant readiness by A. A. LEGGET, Merchants' Exchange, and by the undersigned, at the Marine Surveyor's Office, 67 Wall-street.

New York, Sept. 1, 1844.

P. S. Ships' and Barques' numbers are displayed with a pendant above—Schooners' below—Brigs', alone. Sp. 7.

ALBION NEWSPAPER.—For Sale, a full set of Volumes of the Albion from the commencement of 1833; they are in good order and will be sold at a reasonable rate. Address D. E. at this Office. St.25-1f.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN.—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. GilloTT. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.
" Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.
" " Harlem River.
View of the Jet at
" Fountain in the Park, New York.
" in Union Park, "

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN.—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength, with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by
June 8. HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

LET COMMON SENSE HAVE WEIGHT.

A COSTIVE and DYSENTERIC time, with cold, cough and sore throat in Children in some cases Scarlet Fever, and with infants Summer Complaints and Scarlet Ra with Swelling and Tumors of the neck.

In these complaints no remedy can be compared to the BRANDRETH PILLS, and it is a solemn duty on the part of parents to their children, that they have recourse to them at once, if given at the commencement, there need be no fear as to the result, and at any period of the disease, there is no medicine which will exercise a more health-restoring power.

In Costiveness, or the opposite disease Dysentery, the dose should be sufficiently large to remove morbid accumulations, and the Pills will have the further good effect to restore healthy secretions in these important organs, and remove the irregular distribution of blood from the head, liver, and other parts; in fact will equalize the circulation, by the abstraction of the impure humors from the system generally.

In affections of the throat and bowels, I cannot too strongly recommend the external use of the BRANDRETH LINIMENT, it will materially expedite the cure. There is no outward remedy at all to be compared to this Liniment, which has the effect of taking out inflammation wherever it is applied. In cases of Fever and Ague the BRANDRETH PILLS are a never-failing cure, the first dose should be large, sufficient to have a brisk effect, afterwards two Pills night and morning, and drink cold Pennyroyal tea, a cup full, say two or three times a day. The cure is sure.

Remember, the great blessing the BRANDRETH PILLS secure to the human body, is PURE BLOOD.

When your blood is once pure nothing in the shape of food will hardly come amiss; nothing will sour upon your stomach; you may eat anything in reason; and the greater variety of food the better blood is made. All who have weak stomachs, who are dyspeptic, or in any way affected in body, should without delay resort to BRANDRETH'S PILLS—which will indeed strengthen the life principle, and by perseverance with them, entirely renew the whole body; the materials now in it good, will be kept so; those bad, displaced and removed. Good Blood cannot make bad bone or bad flesh. And bear in mind, the BRANDRETH'S PILLS surely purify the Blood.

The following case from Col. J. Hughes of Jackson, Ohio, a member of the Ohio Legislature, will no doubt be read with interest by those similarly affected.

Cure of violent periodical pain in the head. A thousand persons can be referred to in this city, who have been cured of a similar affliction.

JACKSON, C.H., Aug. 1, 1844.

Dr. B. Brandreth,—Sir,—That the greatest good may be done to the greatest number, I take pleasure in informing you that for six or seven years prior to 1849 I suffered incessantly with a nervous headache. I applied to the most eminent physicians in Ohio for relief, but received none whatever. I being much prejudiced to all patent medicines, refused to use your Pills; finally my headache increased daily; I as a last resort, and even without faith, bought a box of your Vegetable Universal Pills. On going to bed I took 5 pills, next night 3, next 1; skipped two nights and repeated the dose—I found immediate relief. Two or three times since I have been partially attacked, I again applied to your Pills and all was forthwith well. I cannot speak too highly of your Pills, for nothing relieved me but them. May you live long to enjoy the pleasure it must be to you to know and feel that day unto day and night unto night, you are relieving the pains and diseases of the human family. Yours truly, J. HUGHES.

Sold at Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office, 241 Broadway, 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson-st.; Mrs. Booth, 5 Market-st., Brooklyn; James Wilson, Jersey City; and by one Agent in almost every town in the United States, who have a certificate of Agency. (Ag.17.)

GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.—LAW AGENCY.—THOMAS WARNER, No. 18 City Hall Place, New York, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor and Counsel in Chancery, &c. &c., begs to inform his friends and the Public generally, that he has just returned from a business tour through England, Wales and Scotland. That from having been for several years engaged in the practice of the Law in London, and for the past six years similarly engaged in New York, he flatters himself he is fully competent to conduct such Law business in England and parts adjacent, as persons from the Old Country, and their descendants, may wish to be attended to; and with this view, T. W. on his recent journey made arrangements with some of the most eminent Lawyers in various parts of England and Scotland, whereby T. W. has been able to secure the most efficient Agents and Correspondents in those places.

T. W. therefore begs to offer his services to Europeans and others, who may need professional assistance, in relation to any kind of legal business in the Old World, and assures such as may choose to favour him with their patronage, that the most unexceptionable references will be furnished, if required, and every necessary guarantee given that business confided to his care will be attended to, and conducted with industry, skill, and fidelity, and on the most reasonable terms. St.25-3m.

MCGREGOR HOUSE, UTICA, N.Y.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT situated near the intersection of Whitesboro and Genesee Streets, on the site of the old Burchard place, one of the oldest tavern stands in this section of the State, has lately been opened for the reception of guests, under the super vision of the proprietor, JAMES MCGREGOR.

And it is believed that the accommodations it affords are such as to induce the travelling public, if they desire good fare, prompt attendance, and commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments, to make it their home during their stay in the city.

The House and Furniture are entirely new. The building was erected last year, under the immediate direction of the proprietor, who has endeavored in all its internal arrangements to embrace every modern improvement designed to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The lodging rooms are spacious and convenient. A considerable part of the House has been apportioned into Parlors with sleeping rooms and closets attached. They are situated in pleasant parts of the House, and in finish and general arrangement are inferior to no apartments of a similar character in any Hotel West of New York.

In each department of Housekeeping the proprietor has secured the services of experienced and competent assistants, and he is confident that in all cases, those who honor him with their patronage will have no reason to leave his House dissatisfied, either with their fare, their rooms, their treatment, or with his terms.

The "McGregor House" is but a few rods distant from the Depot of the Eastern and Western Rail Roads, and the Northern and Southern Stage Offices. Travellers who desire to remain in the city during the stoppage of the Cars only, can at all times be accommodated with warm Meals. Porters will always be in attendance at the Rail Road Depot and at the Packet Boats to convey Passage to the House, free of charge.

Attached to the House are the most commodious Yards and Stables, for the accommodation of those who journey with their own conveyances.

Utica, Nov. 1, 1843.

JAMES MCGREGOR.

[Mar. 9-1f.]

NEW YORK AND BOSTON RAILROAD LINE.

VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER.

DAILY, (Sundays excepted,) at 5 o'clock, P.M., from pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place.

The Steamboat WORCESTER, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

The Steamboat CLEOPATRA, Capt. J. K. Dustan, will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Passengers for Boston will be forwarded by Railroad without change of cars or baggage, immediately on their arrival at Allen's Point.

For further information enquire of D. B. ALLEN, 34 Broadway, (up stairs).

Or of D. HAYWOOD, Freight Agent for this line, at the office on the wharf.

N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting anyone on account, to the above boats or owners, May 11-1f.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA, FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DIS- EASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

Scrofula; or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Injudicious Use of Mercury, Ascites, or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.

If there be a pleasure on earth which superior beings cannot enjoy, and one which they might almost envy men the possession of it is the power of relieving pain. How consoling, then, is the consciousness of having been the instrument of relieving thousands from misery to those who possess it. What an amount of suffering has been relieved and what a still greater amount of suffering can be prevented by the use of Sands's Sarsaparilla! The unfortunate victim of hereditary disease, with swollen glands, contracted sinews, and bones half carious, has been restored to health and vigor. The scrofulous patient, covered with ulcers and loathsome to himself and to his attendants, has been made whole. Hundreds of persons, who had groaned hopelessly for years under cutaneous and glandular disorders, chronic rheumatism, and many other complaints springing from a derangement of the secretory organs and the circulation, have been raised as it were from the tank of disease, and now with a regenerated constitution, gladly testify to the efficacy of this inestimable preparation.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

New York, July 25, 1844.

Messrs. Sands:—Gents.—I consider it but an act of justice to you to state the following facts in reference to the great benefit I have received in the cure of an obstinate TANGEROUS ULCER on my breast.

I was attended eighteen months by a regular and skilful physician, assisted by the advice and counsel of one of our most able and experienced surgeons, without the least benefit whatever. All the various methods of treating cancer were resorted to: for five weeks in succession my breast was burned with caustic three times a day, and for six it was daily syringed with a weak solution of nitric acid, and the cavity of internal ulcer was so large that it held over an ounce of the solution. The Doctor probed the ulcer, and examined the bone, and said the disease was advancing rapidly to the lungs, and if I did not get speedy relief by medicine or an operation the result would be fatal. I was advised to have the breast laid open and the bones examined, but finding no relief from what had been done and feeling that I was rapidly getting worse, I almost despaired of recovery and considered my case nearly hopeless.

Seeing various testimonials and certificates of cure by the use of "SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA," in cases similar to my own, I concluded to try a few bottles, several of which were used, but from the long, deep-seated character of my disease, produced no very decided change; considering this as the only probable cure for my case, I persevered, until the disease was entirely cured. It is now over eleven months since the cure was completed; there is not the slightest appearance of a return. I therefore pronounce myself WELL and the cure entirely effected by "SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA," as I took no other medicine of any kind during the time I was using it, nor have I taken any since. Please excuse this long deferred acknowledgment, which I think it my duty to make. Your valuable Sarsaparilla cured me, with the blessing of Divine Providence, when nothing else could, and I feel myself under lasting obligations to you. I can say many things I cannot write, and I do most respectfully invite ladies afflicted as I have been to call upon me and I will satisfy them fully of the truth as stated above, and many other things in reference to the case.

NANCY J. MILLER,

218 Sullivan-st., next door to the Methodist Church.

The following extract from a letter just come to hand will be read with interest. The writer, Mr. Almy, is a gentleman of the first respectability, Justice of the Peace, &c. The patient suffered for years with Fever Sores on his legs, and could find no relief until he used Sands's Sarsaparilla. Mr. Almy, writing at the request and on behalf of the patient, Jonathan Harris, says—

Gentlemen—It has once more become my duty to communicate to you the situation of Mr. Harris, and you may rely upon it I do so with the utmost pleasure. Mr. Harris says that four of his sores are entirely healed up, and the remainder are fast doing so. He further says that he has no pain in the affected limb whatever—that his sleep is of the most refreshing nature, and his health in every respect very much improved—so visible is the change that all who see him exclaim, "what a change!" and earnestly inquire what he has been doing! He has gained in flesh very much, and is able to work at his trade, which is that of a shoemaker—without any inconvenience. This is the substance of his narrative—but the picture I cannot in any way here do justice to. The manner, the gratitude, the faith, and the exhilarating effect upon his spirits, you can but faintly imagine. He requests me to say he will come and see you as surely as he lives. May God continue to bless your endeavours to alleviate the miseries of the human family, is the fervent prayer of your sincere friend.

HUMPHREY ALMY, Justice of the Peace.

Brooklyn, Conn., July 10, 1844.

Baltimore, June 10, 1844.

Messrs. Sands:—Gents.—Most cheerfully do I add to the numerous testimonials of your life preservative Sarsaparilla. I was attacked in the year 1839 with a scrofulous affection on my upper lip, and continuing upward, taking hold of my nose and surrounding parts until the passages for conveying tears from the eyes to the nose were destroyed, which caused an unceasing flow of tears. It also affected my gums causing a discharge very unpleasant, and my teeth became so loose that it would not have been a hard task to pull them out with a slight jerk—such were my feelings and sufferings at this time that I was rendered perfectly miserable. I consulted the first physicians in the city, but with little benefit. Every thing I heard of was tried, but all proved of no service, and as a last resort was recommended a change of air; but this like other remedies, did no good: the disease continued gradually to increase until my whole body was affected. But, thanks to humanity, my physician recommended your preparation of Sarsaparilla. I procured from your agent in this city, Dr. James A. Reed, six bottles, and in less time than three months was restored to health and happiness. Your Sarsaparilla alone effected the cure, and with a desire that the afflicted may no longer suffer, but use the right medicine and be free from disease, with feelings of joy and gratitude, I remain your friend.

DANIEL MCCONNIKAN.

Any one desirous to know further particulars will find me at my residence in Front-st., where it will afford me pleasure to communicate anything in relation to this cure.

DANIEL MCCONNIKAN.

Personally appeared before me the above named Daniel McConnikan, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement.

JOHN CLOUD,

Justice of the Peace of the City of Baltimore.

Gallatin, Tenn., Feb. 27, 1844.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands.—Gents.—I have just received a letter from my father in Russellville, Ky., who wishes to purchase some of your Sarsaparilla. I have no doubt he can be the means of selling a great deal, as it has performed a wonderful cure in his family. Last December I was sent for to see my sister before she died, she having been in poor health for some two or three years, and at the time I went over to see her, she was at the point of death with the scarlet fever, and a cancerous affection of the bowels, from which her physician thought she could not possibly recover. I carried over with me a bottle of your Sarsaparilla, and with the consent of her physician she commenced taking it that night. I remained with her three days, and left her rapidly improving. Her husband sent a boy home with me for more of the Sarsaparilla. I sent one dozen bottles which I believe will effect an entire cure. My father writes me to that effect, and wishes through me to procure an agency for selling your valuable medicine to that neighbourhood.

J. M. OWENS.

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. & D. Sands, Wholesale Druggists, No. 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. York. Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal, John Musson, Quebec, J. W. Brent, Kingston, T. Brickle, Hamilton, S. T. Urquhart, Toronto, Canada, Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

Ag. 3.

PIANO FORTE AND SINGING.—A Lady from England, whose Musical education was received from the celebrated J. B. Cramer and Mr. George Kollman, desires to obtain a few select Pupils for instruction in Music and Singing. The best attention will be paid to their acquiring a thorough knowledge of the principles of Music and correct singing. Apply at 730 Greenwich Street, or a line addressed "Music" and left with Mr. A. D. Paterson, Editor of this Paper, or with A. Stodart, Esq., 361 Broadway, will have prompt attention.

N. 9-H.

DOCTOR BRANDRETH'S ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

THERE are in the world medicines adapted to the cure of diseases of every form and every symptom. And when men follow the instinct of their natures, they use BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the cure of their maladies. And those who have done so have not had cause for repentance with reference thereto. These Pills are, indeed, quietly becoming the reliable medicine of mankind; for all who use them in accordance with the printed directions, find so much benefit individually, that they recommend them to all such of their friends that may not at the time be enjoying good health. These universally celebrated Pills take out of the body all diseased, decayed, or unhealthy particles; they eradicate everything from the human body contrary to its healthy condition. No matter of how long duration the complaint may have been, there is every chance of recovery when the Pills are commenced with, and it is utterly impossible for them to injure; nearly a century's use has proved them innocent as bread, yet all powerful for the removal of disease, whether chronic or recent, infectious or otherwise. We have an account to settle with ourselves as regards the pleasures and pains of life. It is soon stated. Suppose you are highly favoured by nature, having a sound mind in a sound body, the lot of but few. You cannot but be affected when you observe so much suffering from bodily infirmity around you: which neither riches nor the palliative prescriptions of physicians are able to obviate. Even the best health is insecure unless a certain remedy can be used when the first advances of sickness comes on. If then you would avoid this state of things, and you are anxious to secure your own health, your judgment, and a long vigorous old age, take Brandreth's Pills; with them you can never err; and you will avoid all the miseries of an infirm, ailing existence. Let every one whose health is not perfect take them daily for one month; instead of weakening you, you will find all your faculties of mind and body improved; all kinds of food will give you pleasure, and none whatever will disagree with you. Your digestion will proceed smoothly and pleasantly, your stomach will not require the assistance of wine, biters, or drams; in fact, you will soon learn these things are injurious. The reason it is easy to explain: Digestion is effected solely by the solvent power of the bile. This bile is made by, and secreted from the blood. It is produced by the same operation from the blood as is the growth of the body, or any part thereof, as the bones, the hair, the eye, or the nails. By the use of Brandreth's Pills you expel out of the body those corrupt humours which impede digestion, and cramp nature in all her operations. Those humours which produce Cancer, Rheumatism, Consumption, Piles, and, in fact, all the long catalogue of diseases to which humanity is subject, but which are reducible to one, IMPURITY OF BLOOD. Custom has designated the name of the disease by the place upon which the impurity of the blood settles, or deposits itself; thus, upon the lungs, Consumption, upon the muscles, Rheumatism; if upon the skin, Erysipelas and Leprosy; upon the knee, a White Swelling; and wherever pain is felt, or any feeling in any part of the contrary to health, there the impurity of the blood is endeavoring to establish its evil influence. So in Costiveness it is occasioned by the impurity of the blood, which has become seated upon the muscles of the bowels, and which prevents the proper action of the bile to produce the daily evacuation of morbid deposits. But all these effects of impure blood are cured or prevented by the use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. In a word, they will give the power and vigor to the human constitution it was intended to have by nature, and which it possessed before the absurd notions of the great advantages of Tonic or Bracing, and mineral medicines were acted upon. Instead of finding your digestive powers and strength diminish, as you will be told by doctors and other interested persons, you will find your strength and digestion daily improve, and all the energies of your mind and body more lively and vigorous. You will soon perceive that you are every day adding to your well being by the simple operation of evacuating from your body the noxious humours of the blood, the source of all the pain and misery experienced in the human body. Such is the benign operation of Brandreth's Pills, that they only take out of the body what is hurtful to it, thus producing its purification and its perfect health.

The Brandreth Pills are the best medicine for families and schools. No medicine is so well adapted for the occasional sickness of children. By having them in the house, and giving them when the first symptoms show themselves, the sickness will be the affair of only a few hours; and in scarlet fever, measles, and worms, there is no medicine so safe and so sure to cure. It is all that should be used, or ought to be used. I speak as a father, and from experience.

Ladies should use Brandreth's Pills frequently. They will insure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and generally speaking, entirely prevent it. The Brandreth Pills are harmless. They increase the powers of life—they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In costiveness, so often prevalent at an interesting period, the Brandreth Pills are a safe and effectual remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this; it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies during their confinement, to the exclusion of all other purgatives; and the Pills, being composed entirely of herbs or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humours of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

Man will be born to-day of bliss, compared to what has hitherto been his lot, weighed down as he has been by disease, infirmities, and suffering, which no earthly power knew how to alleviate until this discovery was presented to the world. The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by their operation, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance, without the expense of a physician. Adapted to all circumstances and situations, they are the best medicine ever invented for families, or to take to sea, preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking colds.

THE BRANDRETH PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, at one store in every town in the United States. Let all who purchase enquire for the certificate, on which are fac similes of the labels on the box, it like the Pills, they are genuine—if not, not. There has yet been, I believe, no counterfeit of the new labels, and it is to be hoped there will not, for it is impossible to imagine a greater crime than that of making money by the miseries of mankind.

The public servant,

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.

Principal Brandrethian Office, 241 Broadway, New York. The retail offices are 341 Hudson-street and 274 Bowery. Mrs. Booth is the Agent in Brooklyn, No. 5 Market-st., and J. Wilson, Main-street, Jersey City. Parker, Broad-street, Newark. Price 25 cts., with full directions in English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and German.

Observe the Red Printing on the Top and Bottom Label. On every Box of Genuine Brandreth Pills, BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S PILLS is printed over Two Hundred times in Red Ink. Remember to see to this, and you will not be deceived with Counterfeit Pills. (Sept. 31.)

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has all ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbarious Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places. Ap. 20-tf.

M. RADEA, 45 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and manufacture. Ap. 20-ly.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

The Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16, Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16, Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1	
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1, Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16	
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1	

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which small stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y.,
and to BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool

Feb. 3.